

BELMOUR:

A

NOVEL

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON,

IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

1801.

Luke Hansard, Printer, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.



823
D136
V. 3

BELMOUR:

A NOVEL.

CHAP. XXV.

Mrs. STAINVILLE failed not in her appointment;—with Emily she appeared every moment more and more charmed. As they alighted from the carriage at Mrs. Stainville's door, she stopped—‘Will eight o'clock be too late?’ said she, taking Emily's hand, ‘or may I venture to keep you here till that time? The evening will then be cool, and our drive back pleasanter—but you know not’ continued she, ‘what a
VOL. III. E ‘dull

‘dull day you are going to pass. I am
‘almost frightened at my own confi-
‘dence, for proposing such a party to
‘you. I see no company; and except
‘Mrs. Barford, whom, I conclude, you
‘know, there is not a chance of our see-
‘ing a creature—she too was doubtful
‘about coming.’

Emily, with the sweetest expression of truth and natural politeness, assured her, that she required no other company, but thought herself too happy in being thus honoured by her. Mrs. Stainville then led her into the house—‘Such a place!’ said she; ‘an absolute nut-shell!—but
‘it is clean, and I think you will find
‘this little room cool, and tolerably
‘comfortable.’

The

The room, indeed, was small, but furnished with a sort of negligent elegance—sofas, chairs, and tables, plain, it is true, but admirably executed—several shelves for books, on which were placed classic authors in various languages—Voltaire, and above all, Rousseau, was conspicuous—one of the tables, in particular, was covered with maps, drawings, prints, books, letters, and letter-cases, innumerable—in one corner of the room stood a piano-forte, and in another a harp. Emily had not been long in the room, before the harp attracted her notice—it was an instrument of which she had often heard, but never had seen. ‘O! I am a wretched performer,’ said Mrs. Stainville, ‘and the harp is quite out of tune, half the strings wanting. Do you play

‘on the harp, Miss Melville?’ Emily replied in the negative. ‘On the piano-forte, then? for I am sure you are a musician.’ Emily modestly answered, that she was extremely fond of music, and had received some instruction from an organist, who inhabited the neighbouring town. Mrs. Stainville immediately insisted on her sitting down to the piano-forte; was enchanted with her playing, and with the melody of her voice.— ‘Half a dozen lessons from *Spinetti*,” she exclaimed, ‘would make you perfect! The simplicity of style, in which you sing too, *I* delight in! It is just as English should be sung; but how you would sing Italian!’—

In this manner, what with music, conversation on various subjects, walking, viewing

viewing the arrangements of the house, &c. eight o'clock came to their mutual surprize, although their *tête-à-tête* had been uninterrupted either by Mrs. Barford, or any other company; and after a pleasant drive to the parsonage (Mrs. Stainville having insisted on conducting Emily home in person) they parted much charmed with each other.

Mrs. Stainville was not many days without renewing her visits at the parsonage, which shortly became more and more frequent. She was delighted with Emily, and that something, which she thought *romantic*, in thus unexpectedly meeting with a creature so superior, lodged hitherto in obscurity, added much to the interest, with which she was inspired for her. Doctor Stanmore's conversation,

too, was so uncommonly lively; so instructive without pedantry; so improving without harshness; and he contrived to introduce into his discourse, with unaffected gentleness, such encouraging views, such consoling sentiments of the purest religion and morality, that his hearers left him always better pleased with themselves, for having been pleased with him. A love of virtue stole imperceptibly upon them, as vice shrunk abashed from his presence.

Mrs. Stainville had naturally taste sufficient to be sensible, in a great degree, of the charms of such a society, and as nothing then happened to occupy her too versatile mind, or call her off to the pursuit of less rational enjoyments, she made it her sole object to please her new acquaintance,

quaintance, and to convey to their minds a favourable idea of herself.

Mrs. Stainville, as it was before remarked, although she had no depth of knowledge whatever, was by no means ignorant on literary subjects. She had heard them continually agitated while living with her father, before her marriage, and afterwards with her husband, who was uncommonly well-informed, and who took a pride in *his* wife's appearing to advantage in the society he had chosen for himself, which consisted chiefly of a few men of learning and information, who thought it worth their while, in consideration of his hospitable house, and excellent table, to give him a portion of their time, and to conform to many

rules and formalities peculiar to his mode of living.

Mr. Stainville was of an ancient Roman Catholic family, proud of his descent, and jealous of the diminution of consequence, which he knew he must undergo by living in the world, while his religion was a bar to every avenue of power or aggrandizement, to which his very considerable fortune would otherwise have allowed him to aspire.

He resided habitually at his family-seat, making, however, occasional visits to the Continent, where he had relations settled, some in France, and some in Italy. This he considered as diversifying his otherwise too monotonous life; but the difference was, in reality, less sensible than

than might have been supposed, as the same formal style and apparatus followed him, wherever he went ; and so far from amusing himself with the diversity of manners of other nations, he suffered no individual to keep company with him, but such as would conform exactly to his own. Mrs. Stainville had accompanied her husband on several of these journeys, which he had continued to make for some years after their marriage, but had by no means participated in his undeviating partiality to his own habits. At Paris she acquired that well-bred ease of manner peculiar to French women, and their elegance of dress was adopted, and afterwards constantly adhered to by her. In Italy every thing rendered her an enthusiast. Sculpture, painting, music, the enchanting climate, the diversified

scenes which nature presented to the view, from the grandeur of the Alps and Appenines, to the quiet and luxuriant plains of Lombardy—for all by turns she was passionate, and had always returned to England with regret; a regret for which, however, she, in some degree, comforted herself, by *sentimentally* exhaling in the silent groves of Harberry*, sometimes alone, and at other times more to her satisfaction, when chance threw some *sympathetic soul* in her way. But she always knew precisely how far these flights of fancy might be indulged, without offending the opinions of the world, or giving even the slightest degree of umbrage to her husband, whose vanity, indeed, rendered him little subject to suspicion.

* The seat of the Stainvilles.

On the death of Mr. Stainville she determined on the most rigorous observance of every form established on those occasions. She was left by him with discretionary power of inhabiting any one of his houses, of which he had several; the family mansion not excepted; and a jointure of three thousand a-year, beside a small estate wholly at her own disposal. Thither she immediately retired, formally relinquishing to the next heir all further rights and pretensions to the other houses. This place had long been called *her farm*, and had, with Mr. Stainville's concurrence and approbation, been ornamented and embellished with much taste. At this farm, and in almost total solitude, Mrs. Stainville had passed above eighteen months, when her acquaintance with Emily first commenced. The period of

remaining there was, in her own mind, fixed to two years, at the expiration of which time she had determined again to go abroad: but as she thought it by no means necessary to intrust the world (notwithstanding her respect for it) exactly with all her thoughts and intentions; and as she conceived the appearance of retirement and solitude, situated as she was, to be particularly *interesting*; she forbore speaking of future plans, and talked of herself rather as having given up the world, and wishing to dedicate the remainder of her days to *sentimental retirement*. To the ball, where she had first seen Emily, she had been ‘*forced*, most ‘*unwillingly*, but *never* knew how to resist ‘the solicitations of her friends, and hated ‘not *always* to give way in trifles, which ‘others were sometimes kind enough to
‘ think

‘think of consequence, where *she* was
‘concerned. But never,’ she would say,
‘was her complaisance so repaid to her
‘as on the present occasion, since it had
‘afforded her an opportunity of making
‘*such* an acquaintance as Emily.’

Mrs. Stainville had, when she chose it, not only the power of accommodating herself to the dispositions of those, whom she wished to please, but of almost becoming, for the time, every thing they most approved; and Doctor Stanmore’s maturer judgment was scarcely less biassed in her favour as their intimacy increased, than Emily’s youth and inexperience. Scarcely a day passed now but Mrs. Stainville came to the parsonage, where she frequently remained, ordering her carriage to fetch her again at night. She
read,

read, conversed, and walked with them, and partook of all their little amusements. Sometimes, in return, she would ask of Doctor Stanmore leave to carry Emily home with her. When at the parsonage, she often accompanied Emily on her visits to the neighbouring cottagers, listened to their tale of gratitude for the blessing they enjoyed in their pastor, and was lavish in her charitable donations, on the slightest appearance of distress among them.

She inquired, with interest, of Doctor Stanmore, into the particulars of Emily's real situation, and shed unfeigned tears at his affecting recital of the melancholy history of her parents, and the unprotected state, in which she had been left by her numerous relations. Having thus,

by degrees, paved the way, Mrs. Stainville ventured to hint to Doctor Stanmore an idea, which had early, on her acquaintance with Emily, offered itself to her imagination ; this was no other, than to obtain leave of him, to allow her to take Emily abroad with her. Her health, she said, obliged *her* to pass the next winter out of England, and seek a milder climate. Doctor Stanmore paused.—‘ Nay,’ continued Mrs. Stainville, ‘ I will *engage* on your summons, should I even wish to stay longer than a year myself, to bring back Emily to you. You will not refuse ? It will be so delightful to me. May be of some advantage to her. I have not, however, even mentioned my plan to Emily, nor shall I, if I cannot obtain your consent, be assured.’—‘ You are all kindness and attention,’ said

said Doctor Stanmore, gently pressing her hand—‘forgive a moment’s hesitation,’ continued he, with a sigh—‘but be assured of one thing, that I shall make no *terms* with one to whom I trust my Emily; nor would wish, by any means, to confine you as to time. I am indeed aware of the many advantages Emily would have in your society, and of the delight she would experience in the course of such a journey; nor shall I ever oppose what I think conducive to her welfare or happiness. Previously, however, to a final determination, I shall think it a duty, to inform some few of her relations of this intended step. It is more than probable, that my letters, like the many I have already written to them, will remain unanswered, in which case I shall not
‘long

‘ long withhold my consent to your
‘ flattering request, but take upon myself
‘ the authority, as Heaven knows I feel
‘ the tenderness, of a father.’ As he uttered these last words, his voice trembled, and his eyes involuntarily filling with tears, he gently waved his hand and left the room.

C H A P. XXVI.

As Doctor Stanmore had prophesied, the letters which he wrote to Sir Thomas Melville, and some other of Emily's relations, remained unanswered. Sir Thomas, indeed, under the *laudable* pretence of his health then being in too weak a state, to venture the possibility of any sudden shock, or the least pressure of business, was never suffered to open a letter; and Lady Melville, (then living) to whom all letters whatever, addressed to her husband, were carried, took care, on this occasion, that *he* should not even know of the application. Such pains, indeed, had she taken, to spread the belief among Sir Thomas's relations of his
son's

son's never having been married to Emily's mother, who she pretended had been discovered to be the daughter of a low adventurer, and herself a worthless abandoned creature, that this infamous story was generally received by them; and having once gained ground, no one of them had taken the trouble to inquire further into it. Dr. Stanmore's character, it should have seemed, would have been a sufficient evidence, to contradict these falsehoods; but he was at a distance, little known to them, and believed to have been himself imposed on by the art of Emily's mother, or to have conceived a mere doating fondness for the child; and their indifference, indeed, on the subject, made them blindly follow the idea first taken up by the head of their family, whom many of
them,

them, for obvious reasons, feared to disoblige.

The delight which Emily experienced, on the first intimation of a plan so calculated to gratify her every wish, and, on a prospect of entertainment so wholly beyond her utmost expectations, may be partly imagined. But in addition to the lively curiosity, and eager search after novelty, common to youth, Emily possessed a thinking mind, and already a considerable share of information; this intended journey, therefore, conveyed to her imagination, not only the idea of agreeable variety and change of scene, but of peculiar satisfaction, in having it in her power to compare the present state of the countries into which she was going, with all she had read of them, and
collected;

collected from Doctor Stanmore's discourse and observation. Emily had, indeed, a quickness of perception, and a facility of comprehension, which made her immediately seize the essential points on any subject submitted to her understanding ; and to these mental perfections she added an accurate and retentive memory, which had been confirmed by habit, and improved by rational exertion, under the tuition of Doctor Stanmore. His favourite occupation had ever been the instruction of his child, and his endeavours exerted to supply, as far as it was possible, the absence of every other master. He would often repeat to himself, ' It is only by instilling into her
' mind sound principles of religion,
' virtue, and philosophy, that I can hope
' to render it equal to meet the rough
' blasts

‘ blasts and buffets of a bad world—for,
‘ alas! how uncertain her future lot!
‘ how invariably has fate hitherto frowned
‘ upon her!’

When Dr. Stanmore could no longer expect an answer to his letters from Emily’s family, he gave his full and entire consent to the plan proposed by Mrs. Stainville; and from that moment the intended journey became the chief subject of conversation among them.

Mrs. Stainville, whose visits at the parsonage had been for some time still more frequent, employed most of the evenings in reading, particularly French, in which she excelled; and theatrical subjects were chosen by her to improve, or rather perfect, Emily’s pronunciation,
who

who was already far advanced in the knowledge of that language, having, when a child, been sent by Doctor Stanmore's care to a day-school, set up in the neighbouring town by excellent French teachers. An uncommonly good ear, joined to the facility natural to children in acquiring a language, had shortly enabled her to speak with fluency, and the more elaborate part was afterwards followed up by Doctor Stanmore, an accurate and profound grammarian, whose knowledge and researches had been by no means confined to the ancient languages.

Thus several weeks passed to their mutual satisfaction; but as the time of her departure drew near, Emily felt her heart sink at the idea of leaving her old friend,

friend, and only real protector. She had at first considered the bright side alone of the pleasing prospect, so unexpectedly opened to her view; and as in making the little preparations for her journey, or in the different conversations on the subject, Doctor Stanmore had never touched, with the slightest expression of regret, on his own loss, but, on the contrary, encouraged every idea that could tend to heighten the gratification she might hope from the intended plan, the painful image of absence from what is most dear to us, then new to her mind, had but faintly presented itself.

She now fancied Doctor Stanmore looked unwell, that his spirits were not so good, as he seemed to wish they should appear. In short, a thousand fears seized
on

on her gentle affectionate heart, and she almost wished he had never consented to her going.

On the eve of her departure, her spirits almost wholly failed her, and it required all the well-judged exertions of Doctor Stanmore's kind intelligence, to support them. As she looked at him, the traces of sickness and age seemed to her never before to have been so evident. 'Oh! were I to think this a last parting,' said she to herself, 'the world could not now tear me from him! kindest, best of mortals!' And on the morning following, when Mrs. Stainville's well-dressed courier was heard, galloping up to the door, loudly cracking his whip, to announce the approach of his lady, Emily sunk almost lifeless on Doctor Stanmore's bosom;

then raising her head, and drawing herself a little back, she fixed her eyes on him with the most affecting expression of anxiety. ‘Fear not, my child,’ said he, reading her thoughts, ‘I *will* live to see thee again.’ The carriage was by this time at the door, and Doctor Stanmore, fearful of increasing her uneasiness by betraying all the pain he felt himself at this separation, led Emily gently forwards, and after holding her some time pressed to his bosom, unable to speak, put her into the carriage. Mrs. Stainville, seeing how much she was affected, attempted not foolishly to *console* her, but taking her hand, which she kindly pressed, begged of her not to restrain herself. After a time, Emily turning to Mrs. Stainville said, ‘I beg pardon, madam, ‘I am wretched company!’—‘I judge

‘ not thus,’ replied she, ‘ such marks of
‘ sensibility can but endear you to *me* :
‘ but, I insist on it, all constraint must
‘ be banished between us. When your
‘ spirits are somewhat recovered, we will
‘ then talk, or not, as we may be dis-
‘ posed : at present, I shall take my
‘ book.’ Saying this, she drew a small
volume of Rousseau from among a num-
ber of other books, with which the pockets
of the carriage were filled, and leaning
backwards, appeared wholly occupied
with what she was reading, leaving
Emily to pursue her own train of thoughts
in liberty.

Their separate meditations were, how-
ever, after no very long time, interrupted
by a violent scream from Mademoiselle
Jaqueline (Mrs. Stainville’s new French

femme-de-chambre)—‘What is the matter,’ said Mrs. Stainville, starting.—‘*Ab! mon Dieu! nous allons perir,*’ exclaimed Mademoiselle Jaqueline. Emily, perceiving no danger near, was all astonishment.—‘What is the matter,’ repeated Mrs. Stainville, in rather a more authoritative tone than before. No explanation still from Mademoiselle Jaqueline, who then sat squeezed up in the corner of the carriage, with one hand before her eyes, and the other extended towards the coach window. It was at last discovered, to the no small amusement of Mrs. Stainville and Emily, that Mademoiselle Jaqueline’s terrour had proceeded from the carriage, then descending a hill, on which there was a slight declivity, having gone a little on one side.—‘Upon my word, Mademoiselle Jaqueline,’

‘ line,’ said Mrs. Stainville, ‘ these freaks
‘ of your’s must not return, or our jour-
‘ ney will be strangely disturbed.’—‘ *Com-*
‘ *ment !*’ replied Mademoiselle Jaqueline,
‘ *Madame n’a pas peur en voiture !*’—
‘ Not I,’ said Mrs. Stainville.—‘ *Mon*
‘ *Dieu !*’ continued Mademoiselle Jaque-
line, ‘ *Madame la marquise, que je viens de*
‘ *quitter, crioit toujours encore plus fort que*
‘ *moi, toutes les fois que la voiture panchoit*
‘ *seulement de côté. J’y suis si habituée que.*’—
‘ *Il faut vous deshabituer, Jaqueline,*’ said
Mrs. Stainville, with as much gravity as
she could command, ‘ *ou vous courez*
‘ *risque de crier toute seule, avec nous.*—For
‘ you, my dear Miss Melville,’ continued
she, turning to Emily, ‘ are, if I mistake
‘ not, as little subject to fears of this sort
‘ as myself.’—‘ Indeed,’ replied she, ‘ I
‘ am not subject to *fear* of any sort ; but in

‘ that *I* have little merit !’—A resigned, but dignified expression of melancholy, overspread her countenance, as she uttered these last words, which escaped not Mrs. Stainville ; but willing to draw her off to more cheerful ideas, she took no further notice of what she had said, than by a kind look of sympathy, and then began talking on other subjects. Emily by degrees entered into conversation—she was void of affectation, and always *willing* to be pleased. The variety of objects, as they travelled on, served considerably to dissipate the gloom which hung over Emily’s mind, for to her all was new ; yet never for an instant did her attention remit to her absent friend ; her first care, on her arrival at every destined post-town, was to inquire for letters, and to dispatch her’s to Doctor Stanmore ;

Stanmore ; to whom, according to agreement, she sent a faithful and detailed journal of all that befel her, of all she saw, all she felt, and of the various sources of amusement or interest, that occurred during the course of her absence.

They stopped merely a few days in London, which were passed chiefly at the hôtel where they lodged, as Mrs. Stainville wished to avoid the trouble of unnecessary visits, being impatient to arrive at Paris. There she proposed, with much idea of satisfaction to herself, passing at least six weeks ; and it being then only the very beginning of September, she considered this arrangement as no way interfering with her plan of spending the winter at Naples.

The voyage and journey were performed without accident; and Emily had the comfort, a very few days after her arrival at Paris, of receiving a very kind and consoling letter from Doctor Stanmore, written with the warmth and interest of true friendship. He entered into details of all she was to see, and pointed out to her the different objects of curiosity, most worthy of observation, that she was likely to meet with; exhorting her at the same time to profit of the advantage fortune had thrown in her way, by thus offering the means, not only of improving her taste, and enlarging her ideas, but adding to a well-informed mind that knowledge of the world and human nature, which traveling, and the habit of conversing with persons of different nations and variety of
of

of character, alone can give. He then added, after the most affectionate expressions of anxiety for her safety and welfare—‘against what is called the
‘ *allurements* of the world I need not
‘ guard my Emily—too well, my child,
‘ I know thee!—but against thy own too
‘ tender, susceptible heart!—remember
‘ well my lessons!—and now *wrong* me
‘ not, by feeling a regret too keen at this
‘ absence, on my account:—for how
‘ much have I not to thank Heaven, while
‘ I enjoy the thoughts of thy gratification
‘ and pleasure, and the future hope of
‘ thy return!’

C H A P. XXVII.

MRS. STAINVILLE, having already passed many months at different times at Paris, when abroad with her husband, who had some near relations established there—persons of the first rank and distinction, had only on her arrival to renew her visits to them, and was immediately received into several of those select and intimate societies, which form the charm of a Parisian life, and to which it is by no means easy for foreigners to obtain admittance. Private boxes at all the theatres were instantly at her command for every night in the week, and pressed on her acceptance by her different friends.

The

The ladies were all *enchantées* to see her again, and hoped she meant to *passer au moins l'hiver* with them. In short, Mrs. Stainville was caressed, flattered, *embrassée*, and *recherchée*, by all the Parisian ladies of her acquaintance, and the men were universally polite and obsequious to her.—‘*Mais qui est cette jeune personne?—une parente apparemment?—elle est charmante!—mais charmante!—belle comme un Ange!*’—were the exclamations generally uttered, and loudly repeated on perceiving Emily, who always modestly stood apart, while the first effusions of mutual joy took place on the appearance of every former acquaintance of Mrs. Stainville’s.

Emily was, indeed, *charmante*, and her extraordinary beauty excited additional

admiration, from the novelty of her appearance among a people *then* accustomed to a stated form and precision of dress, from which little deviation was in general admitted. The perfect symmetry and natural grace of Emily's form were heightened by the simplicity of her attire, and her fine hair unconfined and hanging loosely in natural ringlets, partly over her forehead, partly tied upon the back of her head, or flowing over her shoulders (a mode she had adopted originally merely for convenience, and which, except on particular occasions where form was required, Mrs. Stainville insisted on her continuing) gave her, as they said, '*l' air d' une belle statue*;' and as such, even the most insensible gazed at her with surprise. She was followed by admiring crowds in the public walks,
and

and wherever she appeared, and generally went by the appellation of '*la belle Anglaise*.'

Emily was sought after by all Mrs. Stainville's most particular acquaintance. Parties were made purposely to show her to others. In short, nothing was so much talked of as *la belle Anglaise*; and her appearance had made more *sensation* than that of any other stranger, in that generally frequented metropolis, where something is always the wonder of one day, and forgotten the next.

Mrs. Stainville was flattered by the attentions shown to her young friend and *protégée*, and felt a complacent satisfaction at what she considered as a proof of her own judgment and penetration, setting
apart

apart the interest, which, according to her character, she then really felt for Emily herself. Sometimes, indeed, her satisfaction on this subject was not *quite* so complete, when, as it now and then happened, in their walks on the *boulevards*, or in the gardens about Paris, she heard muttered among the many, who actually followed them, purposely to gaze at Emily, after the usual compliment—‘*ce sont des étrangères : apparemment que c’est sa fille !*’ (pointing towards Mrs. Stainville)—but Mrs. Stainville was easily put into good humour again, by the constant repetition she failed not to hear in all good company, of—‘*Mais je vous trouve rajeunie et embellie, jamais je en vous ai vu si bien !*’—to which, being the remark of persons who *must* be the better judges, she gave full credit.

In

In this manner, lodged with Mrs. Stainville in one of the best hôtels, engaged in a round of elegant amusements, managed without fatigue or hurry, which at Paris even in the gayest circles it was possible to avoid, did Emily pass her time ; yet, though every way pleased with the scene before her, she remained unintoxicated by its charms, considering and enjoying it only as a gay vision, the permanence of which could not long exist to her.

Emily had now passed above a month at Paris, without having been otherwise distinguished by the men, than by expressions of general admiration. Among those, indeed, whom they saw most frequently, every one had *chacun sa chancune*, although this *appropriation*, from
the

the perfect decorum of manners always observed between the parties, was rarely perceivable to those unaccustomed to Parisian manners. It was, moreover, decided, that Emily was not ‘*coquette* ;’ and whether or not she were ‘*sensible*,’ as an unmarried woman, no Frenchman *de bonne compagnie* would attempt to discover—*honour* forbade that.

It therefore commonly happened, that the attention of the men, in the societies they frequented, were more habitually directed to Mrs. Stainville (still really handsome) than to Emily. There was indeed, as usual, many English at Paris, but none that were particularly known to Mrs. Stainville; who, as she said, ‘not going abroad to hunt after her own countrymen, however *charming* they
‘ might

‘might be at home,’ gave a general order to the porter, on her arrival at Paris, to admit only French visitors.

When one evening at the *Marquise de Bellevue’s*, where she was to sup, as Mrs. Stainville was in the midst of a conversation with the *Marquise*, on the subject of a new metaphysical publication, she heard her suddenly exclaim—‘*Ab! vous voila donc de retour.*’—And, on turning her eyes towards the door, where the *Marquise’s* were directed, she saw a tall genteel looking young man, whose figure was wholly unknown to her, advancing into the room. The *Marquise* got up, and went forward to him, extending both her hands, which he separately and respectfully kissed, bowing gracefully several times to her, and then round to the
rest

rest of the company.—‘*Mais vous êtes bien aimable de revenir,*’ said she, ‘*nous ne vous attendions pas de si tôt — convenez en, vous vous êtes ennuyé à Vienne ?*’— Then turning to Mrs. Stainville—‘*vous connoissez sûrement le petit Raymond, votre compatriote.*’—Mrs. Stainville replied in the negative.—‘*il faut donc que je vous le présente — c’est le meilleur enfant du monde ! — venez, Milor, que je vous présente.*’— The proper bows, and proper compliments for the occasion, were then immediately made on each side.

Lord Raymond had a gentle, and rather melancholy cast of countenance, which instantly interested Mrs. Stainville in his favour. She invited him to make her party at cards, and talked much to him during supper, where he was placed next
to

to her ; but, though he was perfectly polite, and listened with complaisance to all she said, he spoke little of himself, and his chief attention seemed directed to Emily, who sat opposite to them—his admiration was evident, and, though his looks were soft and respectful, his eyes were often so intently fixed on Emily, that she could not meet them without a blush ; this occasioned her seldom to look that way, and gave him a still better opportunity of examining charms, which to him appeared beyond any he had yet seen.

Supper was no sooner over, than Lord Raymond drew towards Emily, and stood near her for some time, occasionally conversing with indifferent persons, withheld by a certain awe, with which the
unaffected

unaffected modesty of her manner inspired him, from addressing her directly; at last, however, seeing her seated, he ventured to place himself in an empty chair, which stood by her side.

The *Marquise de Bellevue*, whom all this had not escaped, came across the room to Mrs. Stainville, who was at play, and, leaning over her shoulder, in a half whisper, communicated to her her remarks—‘*le voilà amoureux de votre belle*
‘*Demoiselle,*’ said she, ‘*mais savez vous*
‘*que ce seroit le plus joli parti du monde*
‘*pour elle—il faut que nous arrangions*
‘*cela ensemble—il est riche, et n’a per-*
‘*sonne à consulter que lui même!*’—Mrs. Stainville looked round and smiled; she had no determined project of captivation for herself in the present case, and felt
rather

rather pleased at the idea of such a conquest for her friend — ‘ *Mais vous y allez bien vite, ma chère amie,*’ said she, laughing. — The *Marquise* heard her not; she had flown to receive some late comer, whom she discovered at the moment in the anti-room, and thought no more that evening, either about Emily, or her *aimable* Lord Raymond, whose unexpected return had so delighted her.

C H A P. XXVIII.

THE next morning Lord Raymond failed not to present himself at Mrs. Stainville's door ; and, as she on her side had not failed to take off the before-mentioned general *interdiction*, by specifying to the porter an exception in his favour, he was admitted.

Lord Raymond had not been long in the room, when Mrs. Stainville's servant coming up to her, asked if her carriage were still to wait ; on this he instantly got up to take his leave—‘ I beg you would
‘ not think of going,’ said Mrs. Stainville, ‘ we are in no sort of hurry, and,
‘ indeed, I expect the *abbé de Bellevue*,
‘ who

‘ who promised to escort us this morning.
‘ Perhaps, my lord, should you have
‘ nothing better to do, you would not
‘ dislike to be of our party, as the day is
‘ fine ?’—Lord Raymond bowed assent—
‘ At least,’ continued she, ‘ to the *Tuil-*
‘ *leries*, where we mean to walk—after
‘ that I am going to show my young
‘ friend here *Nôtre-Dame*, which, as your
‘ lordship must have seen twenty times,
‘ I will excuse you.’—He never had seen
Nôtre-Dame, and begged to be allowed
to accompany them there also. At this
instant the *abbé de Bellevue* flew into the
room, passing with precipitation the
servant who was announcing him—‘ *Mille*
‘ *et mille pardons, Madame, je suis bon-*
‘ *teux!—je le vois, je me suis fait attendre!*’
—‘ Not at all,’ she replied; ‘ you have
‘ done me a favour, for, had you come
‘ sooner,

‘ sooner, and been more exact to
‘ your appointment, I should have been
‘ deprived of the honour of seeing my
‘ Lord Raymond.’— ‘ *Ab! Milor!*’ ex-
claimed the *abbé*, on perceiving Lord
Raymond, ‘ *charmé de vous revoir!—rien*
‘ *de si triste, que Vienne, à ce que l’on dit—*
‘ *la société du monde la plus choisie, à la*
‘ *vérité—mais d’une tristesse! d’une monoto-*
‘ *nie!—c’est votre país, par exemple, qui est*
‘ *beau!—je regrette encore le tems, que j’y*
‘ *ai passé!—j’étois bien jeune alors!*’— ‘ I
‘ have been little in London,’ said Lord
Raymond, carelessly, ‘ our country seats,
‘ are, I think, pleasant.’— ‘ *Rien de si*
‘ *charmant!*’ said the *abbé*, pulling up his
collar, as he looked full at himself in a
large glass placed over the chimney—
‘ *rien de si charmant!*’ still looking at
himself.— ‘ But, *l’abbé*,’ continued Lord
Raymond

Raymond, half smiling—‘ have not our
‘ English country-seats some of the faults
‘ of which you accuse Vienna ?’—‘ *On*
‘ *trouve moyen d’y remédier,*’ said the *Abbé*,
turning his head round, and casting a soft,
significant glance at Mrs. Stainville, who
coloured, and, as it seemed, wishing to
put an end to this conversation, got up
instantly, saying that it was late, and that
they ought to set out. Lord Raymond,
who was standing by Mrs. Stainville,
offered her his arm, and the *Abbé* skipped
up to Emily for the same purpose with a
forward familiar air, undaunted by the
extreme gravity of her looks at the mo-
ment ; and as he put her into the carriage,
squeezed her hand with so little reserve,
that she withdrew it with a marked look
of disapprobation. Emily continued
silent and thoughtful for some time.—

What passed just before they had left the hôtel had not escaped her quickness. She wondered how Mrs. Stainville could suffer, nay, as she often did, *encourage* such a coxcomb as the *Abbé*—for it was by no means the first time she had been struck with the freedom of his manner, and the familiar ease with which he often treated her friend. During their walk in the Tuilleries, Emily, when she spoke, wishing to avoid the impertinence of the *Abbe*, addressed herself chiefly to lord Raymond, which the *Abbé* perceiving, and never interpreting any thing to his own disadvantage, concluded was owing to its being ‘*une affaire arrangée*’ between them.

When they arrived at the church of *Nôtre-Dame*, Emily was struck with
the

the grandeur of that venerable pile, and anxious to examine the objects of curiosity, which it contained; but on this subject she procured little assistance from her companions. Lord Raymond seemed surprised, that she took the trouble even of looking at any of the objects separately—‘There is nothing the least worth seeing here, I believe,’ said he: ‘the dark gloom of the church, indeed, is fine.’—This Mrs. Stainville took up, and began descanting on one of her most favourite themes, *the charms of melancholy*. Lord Raymond listened to her with attention, agreeing in all she said—and the *Abbé* being engaged in conversation with a person, who had accidentally entered the church at the same time with themselves, Emily had full liberty quietly to observe every thing there worthy of remark.

On their return home, when they were alone in the carriage, Emily, who still bore in mind the *Abbe's* looks to Mrs. Stainville, took an opportunity, after complaining of his impertinence to herself, of expressing in general terms her dislike to the freedom of his manner.—
‘ You are a child, my dear,’ said Mrs. Stainville, gently tapping her on the cheek ; ‘ the *Abbé* meant nothing earthly
‘ by what you call *impertinence*—and as
‘ to his manner, he is spoiled—that’s all—
‘ His aunt, the *Marquise de Bellevue*,
‘ perfectly idolizes him—’tis enough to
‘ turn any head; besides, he is universally
‘ admired, and has an uncommonly pretty
‘ figure. I formerly saw him in Eng-
‘ land,’ continued she, after a *hem* or
‘ two—‘ he came to our house in the
‘ country, invited by Mr. Stainville.—I
‘ wonder

‘wonder I never happened to tell you.’ At this moment the carriage stopped at the door of the hôtel—Mrs. Stainville darted instantly out, and running up stairs, called to Emily, saying, there was but just time for them to dress, as the lady she expected, who was to carry them out to dinner, she knew was very exact.

Emily retired to her own room, but not immediately to dress: *her* dress, indeed, required little time, and she felt not at that moment disposed to any unnecessary preparations of the kind. The occurrences of the day had left a sort of unpleasant impression on her mind, which rendered her careless of indifferent objects; yet, on consideration, as she was naturally most unsuspicious, she attributed

this rather to her own want of knowledge of the world, than to any other cause.

The evening was passed at the *Marquise de Bellevue's*, with whom Mrs. Stainville was become almost inseparable. *She* was her oracle, and nothing was done without consulting her—*her* opinion, which was always decided, whatever the subject, was received as a law, not only, indeed, by Mrs. Stainville, but by the whole of her society, to which an obsequious deference to whatever *she* uttered was the most unerring passport. The *Marquise de Bellevue's* society was at once one of the most brilliant, as well as one of the most numerous in Paris.—She was herself a *bel esprit*—corresponded with Voltaire—yet admitted of the *magique*

gigue of Rousseau's eloquence—and (professing herself on all subjects free from prejudice) she admired Hume, who, she said, was '*le philosophe des ames integres*'—a sentence nobody ever understood, but that every body admired. The *Marquise* was *d'aillieurs*, a woman of the first rank, possessed a large income, and occupied one of the finest and most elegant hôtels in Paris. Her manner perfectly corresponded with the brilliancy of her situation. She was, in short, a complete *Frenchwoman*, and had regularly passed through that discipline, and taken those *degrees*, long established, and strictly adhered to in French society by all persons of distinction. She had quitted her nursery and her *bonne* for a convent, where she received her education—was married at fourteen to a man

she never before had seen — passed the first two years after her marriage under the immediate care and inspection of her *belle-mere*, and having then *duly* produced a first-born son and heir, was launched out into the world to use her own discretion. The *happy pair*, then, after living for nearly twenty years together upon the best footing, *à la française*, seldom meeting in their own house, except by chance on the great stair-case, when they always *kindly* inquired after each other's health, and passed on to their separate engagements, found out that, in spite of the liberty mutually allowed, they should live still more agreeably apart; and *Madame*, *en consequence*, by agreement remained in possession of the *grand hôtel*, where she saw her own society, while *Monsieur* retired to

to the *petit hôtel*, with a favourite *figurante*, where he lived in that expensive style of luxury and *recherche* known only at Paris.

When Mrs. Stainville and Emily entered the room, the first object that presented itself to their view was the *Abbé*, seated, with an air of triumph, by a young lady, who, having just glanced at them as they entered, and risen with an affected air of *nonchalance* from her chair, into which she almost instantly dropped again without saluting them, continued listening to him.—‘*Vous êtes étonnée, n’est-ce pas, mon cœur, de voir Madame de Vermont ici?*’ said the *Marquise* in a whisper, as she came up to Mrs. Stainville, but loud enough for Emily to hear—‘*mais c’est mon neveu qui l’a voulu,*’ continued she, shrugging up her shoulders,

‘ *Il me gouverne, comme vous savez!* ’—A closer whisper then followed, the last words of which only reached her ear (an exclamation from the *Marquise*)—‘ *Oh! elle est coquette comme on ne l’est pas!* ’—Mrs. Stainville seemed to receive what was said to her with indifference, and shortly afterwards sat down to cards. Emily, after remaining for a little time by her, looked for a place in another part of the room, where there were persons not at play.

Lord Raymond soon afterward entered the apartment. His eyes instantly sought Emily, but he went not up to her, although there was an empty chair by her, but stood carelessly leaning with his back against the side of the room, sometimes *answering*, rather than talking, when

when any one happened to address him. Towards the end of the evening *Madame de Vermont*, who had without interruption been playing off all the *graces* of affectation, started up, saying, that she was ‘*perdue*’ — the hour of supper at the ‘*Duchesse de Malbranche’s*,’ she said, ‘was come, and she should be too late, *ce que la Duchesse ne pardonne jamais — mais je suis d’une étourderie!*’ — The *Abbé*, with a tender glance, signifying *must I lose you*, seized her hand, and screaming out as they swiftly passed the anti-room, ‘*les gens de Madame de Vermont!*’ led her to her carriage.

Lord Raymond, who at last had taken his resolution, was just advancing towards Emily, by whom had still remained the empty chair, when the *Abbé*, quicker

than lightning, flew back after having put *Madame de Vermont* into her carriage, and without looking to the right or to the left, darted into the chair which had for the whole evening remained unoccupied—‘*à la fin!*’ said he, adding in a lower tone some *fade compliment*. Lord Raymond bit his lips in anger, and retired again to his post, all which Emily had not indeed observed; but soon tired of the unmeaning *jargon* of the *Abbé*, she rose, and at the same moment supper was announced. Lord Raymond then advanced, and offering his hand, begged leave to sit by her at supper.—‘Are you much acquainted with the *Abbé de Bellevue*?’ said Lord Raymond, after they were seated—‘I see him often,’ replied Emily, ‘but *acquainted* with him I think I never could be.’—‘I ought not,’ continued

tinued lord Raymond, his countenance brightening, ‘for an instant to have supposed it possible ! Yet I see him so sought after, and so admired by persons, whom I should so little suspect *such* a being could please, that I am sometimes tempted to doubt my own senses, and believe *white teeth and cherry cheeks irresistible.*’—‘You forget,’ said Emily, smiling, ‘one half of his *merits*, a more than common share of forwardness and self-sufficiency.’ Their conversation was at that moment interrupted by the *Marquise*, who called across the table to lord Raymond to inform her—‘*Si on nourrissoit les vaches en Angleterre comme en France ?*’—Lord Raymond having satisfied her question, continued wholly occupied in conversing with Emily during supper. Her evident contempt of the

Abbé

Abbé (whose *white teeth* and *cherry cheeks* had sometimes stood in his way) flattered his vanity, and gave him a higher opinion of her taste. She had at first sight inspired him with admiration; but he now felt a desire to please, and unaccustomed to withstand any impulse of his mind, he sought not to conceal the impression Emily had made on him.

Lord Raymond, from the natural bent of his character, was easily captivated, but difficult to fix. He had been from his cradle nourished in the lap of adulation, reared and cherished by a fond doating mother, who, from the hour of his birth, saw but *him* in the universe.—She had been many years married to her lord, and all hopes of an heir seemed a blessing, that was to be denied them:
hence,

hence, therefore, having on earth no other cause of complaint, arose all their lamentations—‘For whom shall I plant
‘or build! For whom improve my
‘estate!—My interest in the county!—
‘All will perish with me when I die!’—
would the earl often exclaim with bitterness. His next heir was a distant relation, of whom he knew little, and for whom he cared less, and his *title*, (*the earldom*) fatal thought! was lost with him. The countess too, in her way, was little less solicitous upon the subject. Should any thing happen to her lord, where was her consequence!—Could *she* retire to a melancholy jointure-house, accustomed as she had ever been to the world, to bustle, and to the most brilliant situation!—From Tunbridge to Spà; from Spà to Pyrmont; from Pyrmont to the
sea,

sea, all was repeatedly tried—in vain—when, shame on foreign assistance! it happened at last, just after the bustle of a contested election, in which the earl had come off victorious, that, in addition to his triumph, a pregnancy was announced to him by his countess, which crowned all his wishes; and in due time a son was born, to the ringing of bells, roasting of oxen, blazing of bonfires, and general rejoicings of his numerous household and tenantry. Expressions of joy and congratulations were, indeed, received from the whole county, where the earl's popularity was much increased by his having, on the late election, triumphed over an upstart ministerial candidate.

The boy was at first but weak and puny; however, the constant exclamations
from

from all who saw it, of ‘*Lord! what a fine child!—how large and strong for his age!*’ comforted in a great degree its doating parents, and more than half persuaded them, that he was indeed of Herculean make.

The earl only lived to see his son emerging from infancy. Lady Raymond, after her husband’s death, made the young lord Raymond her sole care. He was her pride, and the darling object of her fondness. All other interests became indifferent to her, and selfishness and love of rule were (not for the first time) decked with the respectable name of maternal tenderness. *Her ladyship* was one of those persons who always *ask*, but never *take* advice. The whole family were therefore consulted in form, separately

rately and collectively, on the mode of education most proper to be adopted for the young peer; and after listening to them with infinite politeness and attention, her own *predetermined* decision was followed without the smallest deviation, from which, as she was left sole guardian to her son, there was no appeal.

A public school was out of the question. Lord Raymond was *too delicate*, and his mother was convinced, that, whatever the mode adopted, if no expense were spared, his education *must be perfect*. A private tutor was in consequence sought for the young lord, and a set of attendants allotted to his particular service.

After much deliberation, the tutor
chosen

chosen was a young man of family, a German, who from some disagreement with his relations, desirous to make him enter into the ecclesiastic state, had left Vienna, and found it necessary to depend on his talents for bread, as his relations refused all assistance, hoping by these means to reduce him to obedience. He had accidentally been particularly known to an English family, then at Vienna, nearly connected with lady Raymond's, by whom, on his arrival in England, he had been recommended to her, as a person well suited to the important charge of her son's education.

His manners were gentle, unassuming, and respectful, and being a good classic scholar, and having a considerable degree of knowledge in various branches of science,

science, he was in many respects not ill fitted to the situation; but his character wanted energy, and by continually dwelling on the particular and unfortunate circumstances of his own life, he had weakened the powers of his mind, and rendered himself unequal to the task of forming with propriety that of another; yet the amiable qualities he possessed had so much endeared him to his pupil, that he became in every thing fond of imitating him. He copied both his virtues and his faults, and often would fancy himself unhappy, while he sighed he knew not for what. Naturally of an indolent disposition, he preferred being taught *what* to think by another, to the trouble of learning *how* to think for himself.

When

When he arrived at the age of nineteen, it was judged proper to send lord Raymond abroad, a measure much recommended by his tutor, who had gained no small degree of influence over lady Raymond, not so much by flattery, as by his frequent and grateful acknowledgments of the benefits he had received from her ; while she, on her side, considering him as her particular choice, placed by her in the situation he then occupied, was persuaded, that he could not err, and that his opinions were but the echo of her own dictates.

Lord Raymond, accompanied by his tutor, (then more in the character of a friend) whose family had at last consented to be reconciled to him, after stopping only a short time at Paris, went immediately

diately to Vienna, where he passed some months; after which, having no inclination to go on to Italy, particularly as he was obliged to relinquish his companion, then under the obligation of remaining with his relations, he returned to Paris, where he remained for above a year, and, having procured some letters of introduction from Vienna, was received there with particular attentions. Lord Raymond had an uncommonly pretty figure, and a certain negligence of manner, which happened to please. He was in consequence admitted into several societies, on a more intimate footing than is common to his countrymen, particularly at the *Marquise de Bellevue's*. She took him under her immediate protection, called him '*mon petit*,' found fault with or praised his dress—told him what he was
to

to do—laughed when he did wrong—
‘*c’est un enfant !*’ she exclaimed—cried
him up to the skies on even the slightest
proof of merit—introduced him to the
young women of her society with an air
of familiarity, ‘*J’en fais les honneurs*’—
as a person they *might* receive ; and as he
appeared to them a person, that they
might extremely like to receive, he experi-
enced none of that affected neglect,
which would probably have effectually
kept him at a distance ; for, accustomed
from his birth to be flattered, soothed,
and caressed, the slightest check he re-
ceived, or the least appearance of re-
serve or indifference, were considered by
him almost as marks of aversion. How-
ever, if fame spoke truly, lord Ray-
mond was not in this case exposed to the
possibility of such mistakes, and his con-
quests

quests were as rapid, as they were uninteresting to himself. He had, on receiving some pressing letters from his mother, returned to England; but he stayed there only a short time, and with her consent, for in her opinion *he* was never wrong, dawdled back to Paris, and then again to Vienna, whence he was just returned for the second time, when he first met Emily at the *Marquise de Bellevue's*.

Such had been the life of lord Raymond, and pleasures and indulgences had been so crowded upon him, that he neither knew their value, nor tasted their enjoyments. He was indeed without vice; but being also without emulation, and without energy, his virtues were at best but passive, and he was little sensible of, or grateful for the advantages of his
own

own situation in life, further than as they enabled him to avoid *trouble*.—*Trouble* was his bane ; and as a considerable estate is not managed *wholly* without, he was happy to find his mother still disposed to keep the reins of government in her hands for him ; and knowing less now of his own country, than of those in which he had lately resided, he commenced *the lounging traveller* ; for in his repeated visits to Paris and Vienna he had no other object, than to avoid that *ennui*, to which all decided enemies of *trouble* are invariably subject, and from which they find it still more difficult to escape.—Sensations far different to any he had yet experienced took place in his breast on the sight of Emily.—For the first time he felt a desire to please, before he was certain that desire was reciprocal.—He became

her constant follower and attendant wherever she went; and Mrs. Stainville, by whom, as it may be supposed, his attentions were not unnoticed, never failed to invite him, and give him every encouragement in her power.—She was flattered with the idea of a marriage, which she doubted not would shortly be proposed, so brilliant and advantageous, so every thing, it seemed to her, that could be wished for her friend.—Still Lord Raymond spoke not decisively, and a gloom often hung over his countenance, the cause of which Mrs. Stainville was at a loss to comprehend.—The time too drew near for her going into Italy.—She knew not what to think—one day had passed accidentally without their seeing Lord Raymond; and Emily, to Mrs. Stainville's surprise, had shewn neither anxiety

anxiety nor uneasiness; on the contrary, her spirits had on that day seemed better, than often was the case.—‘ You have ‘ been quite gay, my dear,’ said Mrs. Stainville, as they were returning home at night—‘ Yet I fear this effort for you ‘ —I know what it is to feel as you do at ‘ this moment.’—Emily was all astonishment. — ‘ I was not aware,’ said she, ‘ of being particularly gay; the day ‘ has indeed passed very agreeably; but ‘ what you mean further, for something ‘ you *do* mean, I really cannot guess!’— ‘ Well,’ continued Mrs. Stainville, ‘ if ‘ I am not to be your confidant, it shall ‘ be as you please.’—‘ For Heaven’s sake!’ said Emily with earnestness, ‘ dearest ‘ Madam, explain yourself; you seem ‘ offended!’—‘ Not I,’ said Mrs. Stainville; ‘ but reserve is ever painful, and I

‘suppose Lord Raymond’s absence is not
‘indifferent to you.’ ‘O!’ said Emily,
smiling, ‘is *that* what you mean!’—
then, with a more serious air, taking Mrs.
Stainville’s hand, ‘I meant no reserve;
‘can I be ungrateful enough to have
‘any with you? on a subject too, on
‘which your kind interest for me can
‘alone make you curious!’—‘I do not
‘affect to deny,’ continued she, ‘that
‘Lord Raymond’s attentions have not
‘been unnoticed by me, or pretend that
‘they are disagreeable to me, but the con-
‘trary; yet to pass a day without seeing
‘him, requires *no effort* on my side, nor
‘do I know, that he has ever really enter-
‘tained one serious thought about me!’
‘*Not know!*’ said Mrs. Stainville, ‘strange
‘insensibility! Is it not evident, that Lord
‘Raymond loves you? Can any one mis-
‘take

‘take his sentiments?—few, I believe, would see them with so much indifference!’——Saying this, Mrs. Stainville, folding her arms across her breast, sunk into the corner of her carriage, lost in a *tendre reverie*, and remained silent.

Emily had spoken from the honest openness of her heart, and knew no other language—seeing therefore, that her answers, instead of satisfying, had rather displeased her friend, she attempted not to renew the conversation.

Returned to the hôtel, and retired to her apartment, Emily for the first time began seriously to question her own heart on the subject of Lord Raymond; but on the strictest examination, she found

nothing there, to contradict what she had said to Mrs. Stainville.

Lord Raymond did not make his appearance, till the next evening, at the *Marquis de Bellevue's*. Emily, who had arrived there early with Mrs. Stainville, received him with natural and unaffected ease—he was graver and more silent even than usual. Mrs. Stainville talked much of her journey to Italy, saying that on that day fortnight, at latest, she should set out.—‘So soon?’ said Lord Raymond, with a look of some surprize and disappointment.—‘Why,’ replied Mrs. Stainville, ‘have I not told you this before, and that the very best thing you can do is to follow us?’—‘I know not,’ said Lord Raymond, (looking at Emily with a sigh, ‘whether it be “*the very best*” thing
‘I can

‘ I can do, but it is what I feel the greatest inclination to do.’—‘ *Vous partez ! est-il possible !—quitter Paris !—et dans cette saison !—vous milor !*’ exclaimed the Abbé, who was at the moment walking about, and taking a view of his own person in each of the different looking-glasses, that ornamented the apartment. Then, recollecting himself, with a significant look cast towards Emily, he continued in a softer tone, ‘ *Ab ! qui n’en feroit pas autant !*’—He then began to *frédonner* a French song, the words of which were of his own composition, beginning, ‘ *C’est la beauté qui nous gouverne, &c.*’—Lord Raymond coloured—‘ *ce que vous dites là est affreux,*’ cried the Marquise, ‘ *ne parla pas de départ, vous me désolerez ; je n’ai pas encore osé seulement songer, que je vais la perdre !*’ seizing one of Mrs. Stainville’s

E 4

ville's hands, which she *tenderly* pressed, as she crossed the room in her way to meet a lady, at that moment just entering the door—'*Chere Comtesse, que je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur—quand se fera votre mariage—rien de si charmant que votre fille! Mon neveu,*' (making a sign to the *Abbé* to approach) '*que je vous le présente.*'—Here the conversation became general on the arrival of more company, and the *afflicting* subject of departure was wholly forgotten for the evening.

In little more than a fortnight, Mrs. Stainville, accompanied by Emily, actually set out for Italy; whither it was agreed that Lord Raymond, who had already ordered his travelling equipage and necessary preparations for the journey, should

should immediately follow them.—His attentions to Emily had now been so marked, that his sentiments were no longer to be mistaken; and Mrs. Stainville, who thought she saw that high tinge of romance so grateful to her imagination, in his still delaying any open declaration, while she satisfied her strict adherence to propriety, by not inviting him actually to accompany them on their journey, had, without reserve, shewn herself every day more and more enchanted with him. ‘You are,’ said she to Emily, as they were continuing their route, ‘the happiest of women; and I rejoice at it from my heart.—Never was there such a being as Lord Raymond!—so different, so superiour to the young men one sees, so, in one word, *perfect*. But you do not, my dear,

‘ seem sensible of your own happiness.
‘ You, to *my* feelings, have often treated
‘ Lord Raymond with indifference, and
‘ *always* with reserve. It was but the
‘ other day, that you were warmly and
‘ openly expressing your satisfaction on
‘ the thoughts of shortly seeing Italy,
‘ though you knew our journey *must*
‘ cause a temporary separation, which I
‘ am sure *he* feels severely.—You are in-
‘ deed strangely insensible!’——‘ Can
‘ you,’ replied Emily, with much gentleness, ‘ with my heart deeply engaged
‘ to a man, of whose serious intentions I
‘ am so uncertain?—and ought I not ra-
‘ ther to curb than encourage any grow-
‘ ing affection, of which I might be sus-
‘ ceptible for Lord Raymond, whom, I
‘ must think it not impossible, I may
‘ never see again?’——‘ And under such
‘ doubt

‘doubt you are composed!—quite composed!—well, such *prudence*,’ continued Mrs. Stainville, shrugging up her shoulders, ‘*at eighteen I did not possess!*’——
‘Your situation,’ said Emily, her eyes filling with tears, ‘was far different from mine—alone and unprotected in the world, *misfortune* has thus early taught *me*, to think perhaps too seriously; for had not one kind friend stretched out his protecting hand to save me, what might not have been my fate!’——‘Nay, now you quite affect me, dear Emily,’ said Mrs. Stainville, embracing her; ‘do not talk thus—have you not in *me* another friend, whose utmost *wish*, at least, is to serve you?’——‘Forgive these tears!’ said Emily, endeavouring to recover herself; ‘they are only an unavoidable tribute to the memory of an
E 6 ‘unhappy’

‘unhappy mother!—I know *your*
‘goodness for me, and am not, believe
‘me, ungrateful!’—Mrs. Stainville felt
really sorry at having thus distressed her
young friend, and endeavoured by re-
peated expressions of kindness and friend-
ship, to dispel the melancholy she had
excited in her breast.

A thoughtful silence then followed.
Mrs. Stainville mused over the *wonder*,
as it appeared to her, of a heart like
Emily’s, capable of the tenderest feelings,
being insensible to the *uncommonly* inter-
esting qualities of Lord Raymond—and
Emily was much at a loss to comprehend
the sentiments of her friend, and where-
fore what appeared to her merely the
effect of indecision in Lord Raymond’s
character, should excite so much admi-
ration.—

ration.—To her simple and unsophisticated mind there seemed no reason, why, if Lord Raymond took the interest in her, which Mrs. Stainville pretended, he should not have openly declared his sentiments for her, previously to her departure.—Their acquaintance had been of sufficient length, to authorize such a step; and if, on the contrary, her want of fortune and unprotected situation were objections to his more serious addresses, his attentions ought, surely, she thought, never to have been shewn in so decided a manner, or with a view, in any degree, to captivate her affections. How unlike the anxious care of real friendship did the mistaken sentiments of Mrs. Stainville appear to Emily!—how superior the rational solicitude of her old and dear Protector! and how, at this moment, did

did her heart overflow with gratitude and respect towards him!——The comparison before her seemed, if possible, to raise his value in her eyes; and to increase that tenderness, and truly filial affection, which she so deeply felt for him—from his idea, her imagination naturally transported itself to the scenes of her childhood, when her hours, rendered happy by his care, passed in playful gaiety and content.—Here, thought she, could I have stopped! nor ever heard the sad story of my unfortunate parents, over whose memory I so soon learned to weep, without having known the charm of their endearments! Mrs. Stainville however regretted the pang she had inadvertently given to Emily, and became more cautious in her expressions of zeal for lord Raymond.

The

The variety of country, through which they passed, even at that late season of the year, served to occupy and delight the mind of Emily; she had no wish as to the journey, but to follow Mrs. Stainville's inclinations; all was to her new, all was interesting. They stopped no where, for more than a few days, till they arrived at Rome, where Mrs. Stainville proposed remaining for some months, and, having changed her original plan, then proceeding to Naples for the summer; in the vicinity of which, should the heat there prove troublesome, she doubted not but that she should find some sufficiently cool retreat.

They had crossed the Alps by the way of Lyons and Turin; reserving, as Mrs. Stainville said, for their return, a second
and

and more detailed view of Florence, and some considerable stay at Venice, where several Roman catholic relations of Mr. Stainville's were settled, some of whom she had formerly seen in England.

Mrs. Stainville was no sooner at Rome, than her love, her enthusiasm for the arts, her fondness for literature and science, returned to her with redoubled force; she avoided all English society, and was surrounded by *Abbati* and *Litterati*; among whom were to be found several men of deep learning and real information, such as, in that country, have both the desire and the leisure to communicate their knowledge to those, who really wish to profit by their instruction.

The

The mornings were employed in visiting the curious and magnificent remains of antiquity, still extant in that celebrated city, and its *environs*: and the evenings were passed at her own lodgings with her literary friends, and some artists and musicians of eminence; except when she occasionally attended the *accademies* and assemblies, with the *illustrissima*, destined, in consequence of letters of introduction, to present her to all the *good company* of Rome, or, in their own phrase, *per servir la*.

Nothing could be more fortunate for Emily than this plan, or more consonant to her taste and disposition. Her intelligent mind, eager thirst after knowledge, genius for the fine arts, and the gentle unaffected simplicity of her manners, were
soon

soon observed by the society in which she lived. A respectable old ecclesiastic, in the kindest manner, undertook to perfect her knowledge of the Italian language, as well as to continue her classical studies. ‘I must,’ said he, ‘take charge *myself* of instructing this *bellissima donna*, to save my younger companions from the danger, to which they must be exposed in such an attempt—*Ecco*,’ continued he, pointing to his white hair, ‘*la mia ægide*.’ But Emily knew neither coquetry nor affectation, and was indeed only likely to become really dangerous to those few exalted spirits, capable of the pure flame of real love.

Lord Raymond, who had agreed with Mrs. Stainville to follow her steps, still came not. Several letters had passed between

between them, which were not always wholly communicated to Emily; but of this she took little notice, concluding (which, indeed, was partly the case,) that the letters might contain some foolish complaints of her indifference; which Mrs. Stainville, knowing her opinion on the subject, might naturally wish to avoid shewing her.

Three months passed in this manner, to the infinite satisfaction of Emily, who felt unbounded gratitude towards her friend for the advantages she derived from her: while Mrs. Stainville really felt a pride in the uncommon degree of progress her young *protégée* made with the several masters she had procured for her; and her *prodigious friendship*, which had sometimes been a little on the wane at
Paris,

Paris, now returned with redoubled expressions of kindness and affection, which were at the moment all sincere. Emily, *at Rome*, instead of interfering with, served rather to establish the pretensions of her friend. The sonnets and verses of the obsequious *Abbati* were all addressed to Mrs. Stainville; and *her* charms, *her* merits, and *her* munificence, repeated by them in every species of rhyme.—If Emily sang or played, or, at Mrs. Stainville's express desire, produced any of the masterly sketches, which she made, of the remarkable buildings, or other picturesque scenes, the praises justly lavished on Emily seemed to redound also to the honour of her own superiour taste; and she reflected with much self-complacency, that *she* had drawn from obscurity a Being so much admired. In
short,

short, most of those about her knew so well how to qualify their expressions of delight at Emily's beauty and talents, as not to offend the vanity of the *padrona illustrissima*, at whose house they were entertained, and always received with the most flattering attentions and politeness; for nobody knew better than Mrs. Stainville, what, in the common way of the world, was due both to herself and others.

So much time had now elapsed since they left Paris, that Mrs. Stainville began to accustom herself to the idea of lord Raymond's not following them at all; and this, from her *absorption in vertu*, with less difficulty than might have been supposed. Emily, who had always doubted his coming, considered this merely

merely as a proof of her having formed a just estimation of the *passion*, which her friend supposed him to entertain for her, and of course felt little disappointment and less surprize—when at last a letter, sent to Mrs. Stainville by an *avant-courier*, dispatched to secure lodgings for lord Raymond, announced his being not only on the road, but actually arrived at Florence, where he meant to rest for a day or two, having travelled thither from Paris, without stopping, night and day.— A method of seeing foreign countries, however strange it may seem, frequently adopted by persons wholly idle, and whose time is *too much* at their own disposal.

‘ There !’ said Mrs. Stainville, on opening the letter, with an air of triumph

umph—‘ Lord Raymond *is* coming,
‘ after all—I never doubted him!’—A
slight blush overspread the cheek of
Emily at these words; but more from
the idea of what she thought might be
supposed to be excited in her breast on
this intelligence, than from any real agi-
tation which she felt.

The *day or two*, which lord Raymond
was to pass at Florence, had already ex-
ceeded a fortnight, when, at last, towards
evening, his chaise drove up to Mrs.
Stainville’s door, lodgings having been
taken for him at the same house. He had
no sooner alighted, than he inquired for
the *English ladies*, and was instantly shewn
into Mrs. Stainville’s apartment. It hap-
pened, that Emily had that morning been sit-
ting for her portrait; and Mrs. Stainville had
insisted

insisted on her continuing for the day in the same dress, which she said so particularly became her. Lord Raymond, on entering the room, was struck with the novelty of Emily's appearance, and, if possible, with the increased beauty of her figure. Her dress, that of a Tuscan Peasant, with the large hat, and her hair arranged exactly in their *costume*, gave somewhat of a different character to her face, and she was that evening *prettier*, than she had ever before appeared; for *pretty-ness* certainly was not the characteristic excellence of her countenance. Lord Raymond had no sooner paid his compliments to Mrs. Stainville, than he came up to Emily, with a look of so much admiration, as nearly to embarrass her. He wondered within himself how he could have remained so long behind,
for

for the very causes of his delay were then almost forgotten by him.—These were no other than that to Paris he was accustomed, and *therefore* he liked it; and that with a mistress it was troublesome to part, and *therefore* he kept her. *Mademoiselle Albinie*, however, suspecting that the *Milor Anglais* might shortly desert her, although one of the most fashionable ladies *de son état* at Paris; and having an offer of a permanent settlement from a *fermier général*, thought proper to *resign*, rather than wait the chance of being dismissed; at which Lord Raymond fancying himself offended, determined to leave Paris; and *recollected*, that some months before he had promised, to take a journey to Rome. Absence and distance had pretty nearly erased the impressions made by Emily

on his heart, when the sight of her again revived them with additional force. Yet, though seeing her every day in those habits of intimacy, in which persons before acquainted naturally live when meeting in a foreign country, still in the course of above six weeks passed at Rome, he had not entirely brought himself to the final decision of making a serious engagement. It was not Emily's want of fortune, or the situation in which she was placed, to which he objected. Without being really generous, he cared not for money; he had always had more than he knew what to do with, which he continued to squander away without discrimination, or considering that others ever felt the want of it; and even had the name of Melville not been such as could with propriety be joined to

that

that of any other family, however noble, he would have thought the rank he gave *his* wife always nobility sufficient. But his character was by nature undecided, and from never having been obliged to do any thing he did not like, he seldom clearly knew what he *did* like, and still less what he *should* like.—Besides, Emily was not dying for him, she neither flattered him, nor encouraged him in the thousand little whims and fancies, in which he had been accustomed to be indulged: of this, under the borrowed names of *want of feeling* and *indifference*, he would sometimes complain to Mrs. Stainville, as to a common friend; and she, from thinking it *sentimental* to pity him, confirmed him in error; for Emily's heart was free, and had Lord Raymond's affections been sincere and steady, it would have excited and con-

firmed her's; and he might have permanently attached and united to his destiny a woman, whose infinite worth his mind, indeed, was incapable of ever justly appreciating.

Mrs. Stainville, from the time of lord Raymond's arrival, became gradually more indifferent to the objects, which had of late so much engrossed her mind, while Emily continued the same sedulous attention to all the pursuits, in which she was engaged.

Lord Raymond saw nothing in the remains of antiquity, that attracted his notice: pictures and statues little interested him, and he thought the Italians 'the most horridly stupid set of people in the world'—which was indeed, the less extraordinary, as he understood scarcely a single

a single word of their language—a *Cicero's* lectures he *protested* against, but accompanied Mrs. Stainville and Emily constantly, in their morning excursions. Emily, as occasion offered, sometimes rallied him, sometimes endeavoured to reason with him on his fancies and follies, but with little success; on the contrary, this was considered by him as something little short of offence, and fresh complaints were in consequence always made to Mrs. Stainville. *She understood him, felt for him, and seldom failed to lament that 'such sentiments as his should ever be treated 'with indifference, or not as they deserved,' for she 'confessed they were 'her own!'*—*'We see no faults,' said she, with a sigh, 'in what we love!— 'therefore love not where we see faults!'*

Thus, without at first intending it, did Mrs. Stainville gradually undermine the passion of a lover for her friend, whose rank and fortune would have placed her in a brilliant situation, and whose naturally harmless character, guided by Emily's good sense, affection, and judgment, might have materially improved, to the increase not only of the consequence to which his rank and fortune entitled him, but of his own real happiness. Mrs. Stainville had originally been perfectly sincere in her wish to see Emily united to Lord Raymond: she felt a pride in the idea of bringing her back to Doctor Stanmore, *Countess of Raymond*, and in thus showing at once the value of *her* protection, and, as she thought, the triumph of friendship.—But the dangerous indulgence of listening to the passionate complaints

complaints of a young man, whose elegance of figure, and gentleness of manner, rendered him in some respects very captivating, she found too difficult to resist. She heard and applauded the expression of sentiments for another, till she began to feel how much she wished such sentiments addressed to herself; her manner to Lord Raymond became more tender, and her interest in all he said increased. Emily's *insensibility* was more *wondered at*; more severely condemned. Lord Raymond began to discover, that Mrs. Stainville was still extremely handsome, and knew not how it happened, that he had till then so little noticed her beauty. Their conversations became more and more frequent, and they often passed whole hours together, while Emily was engaged in

F 4

study,

study, in music, or in drawing with her masters.—In the scientific meetings, of which Mrs. Stainville had been so fond, Lord Raymond took no delight; yet without the *albati* and *literati*, such even as they now appeared to Mrs. Stainville, the evenings would have passed but awkwardly with the *trio* only, circumstanced as they then were. After the company had taken their leave, a moon light walk was often proposed and accepted, even when Emily thought it too late, and herself retired to bed.

In this predicament, no other society offering itself but that of a few awkward English lads and their tutors, and the time not being far distant, at which Mrs. Stainville had originally proposed going to Naples, after founding Lord Raymond

mond on the subject, who entirely approved it, she signified her intention of proceeding thither immediately to Emily; and every thing being shortly arranged for the journey, they set out for that place.

CHAP. XXIX.

FOR some time after their arrival at Naples, the beauty of the scene, the variety of new objects, and the bustle of that immense and populous city, completely occupied Emily's attention ; and the constant crowds in which the evenings were passed, it being then the time of Carnival, facilitated the *manege* carried on between Mrs. Stainville and Lord Raymond. But Emily's quickness could not suffer her long to be wholly blinded, though the innocence of her own unsuspecting and upright mind made her doubt for some time the cause of Mrs. Stainville's altered manner to her, and Lord Raymond's

mond's coldness, and often forced civility.

The first lesson is always severe, which teaches a youthful mind, that *friendship can be false*; and Emily felt more deeply the insincerity and want of confidence in Mrs. Stainville, than the loss of her lover. There her heart fortunately had not been too far engaged, and she rejoiced at having been able exactly to follow Dr. Stanmore's advice, who, all intelligence, and alive to every thing even the most minute, that might interest or affect his child, had before suspected what was passing at Paris, both from Emily's letters, and indistinct hints dropped without intention in Mrs. Stainville's, (who from time to time had written to him) for her plan was to surprise him, when Lord

Raymond had made his proposals in form, by announcing to him the future countess.

But Dr. Stanmore, fearing the possible consequences of perhaps too sanguine hopes of an establishment every way so advantageous (for he was acquainted, though not personally, with Lord Raymond's family), had, with earnestness in his letters to Emily, exhorted her so far to guard her heart, if possible, against captivation, as not to endanger her own peace of mind, should Lord Raymond's intentions not be serious—Young men, he said, often neither knew their own minds, nor the mischief they did by attentions shown through mere idleness, or caused by temporary admiration. He advised her to profit by the present circumstances,

cumstances, so advantageous to her education, and to lose no opportunity of acquiring knowledge and information; which would, he said, in whatever situation she might hereafter be placed, serve to strengthen and support her mind.—Emily, whose character was naturally turned to reflection, profited by his injunctions, and reserved, till their meeting, fully to explain what then really caused her uneasiness, for her situation became awkward and unpleasant.

Mrs. Stainville could not doubt, although Emily's honest pride prevented her complaining, but that she saw through the duplicity of her conduct, and had justly too high an opinion of her understanding, to attempt at an *excuse*. She had, indeed, at first tried to reconcile
what

what she would have blamed in others, with what she was doing herself, by affecting an appearance of *interesting melancholy*, hinting at the *resistless powers of sympathy*, talking of *unfortunate, unconquerable sensations*, and all the *farrago* of false sentiment, so frequently offered, and so often received, as current coin in these cases. Measures, however, Mrs. Stainville, for her own sake, was determined to keep; and continued, to appearance, the same attentions to Emily; who with gratitude remembered the obligations she owed her, and felt without rancour, however painfully, that change toward her in Mrs. Stainville's heart, which from the state of her own she had so little expected or deserved.

Something Mrs. Stainville clearly saw must be done: for though Emily, from
the

the consciousness of her own innocence, and the integrity of her mind, would have become gradually easier under the present circumstances, unpleasant as they were, it was by no means the same with Mrs. Stainville, who found the awkwardness of the situation in which she had placed herself daily increase; for though weak, and, from the want of steady principles, an easy prey to passion, her heart was not depraved, and she could not see Emily without a silent reproach to herself; besides, the attachment she now felt for Lord Raymond was not void of jealousy, and she dreaded the return of a passion he certainly *had* felt, were he allowed constantly to have the object of his former admiration before his eyes, the powers of whose dangerous

dangerous charms, she could not sufficiently deceive herself, not seriously to fear.—In consequence of these reflections, a plan was formed in her head, the execution of which she entered upon immediately.—The first step towards this was quitting Naples, where she had originally declared her intention of passing a much more considerable time, without incurring a suspicion of the real cause of this change. For this purpose, she affected to be *more languid, more unwell*, and more in a *suffering state*, even than usual to her *extreme delicacy* of health, and *wretched nerves*. The sulphureous air of Naples *killed* her; the *oppression* of a *scirocco* was intolerable; and in a *tramontana*, with her lungs, how could she breathe?

All

All this was so well acted, that Emily believed her really ill, and, forgetting all idea of injuries, remembered only her former extreme kindness, and was under serious anxiety about her.—‘ Since the air ‘ of this place disagrees with you,’ said Emily affectionately, ‘ why should you ‘ not, dearest Madam, change it immediately?’—‘ I believe you are right, ‘ dear Emily, I will take your advice,’ replied Mrs. Stainville, ‘ it is certain, that ‘ *here* I cannot *exist*.’ Preparations for the journey were immediately commenced, and, *if she revived*, as she said was often the case from change of place, Venice was to be the object, but they were to be a longer or shorter time in their way thither, according as Mrs. Stainville’s health required. About this time, too, a circumstance happened, which made her

her doubly anxious to be gone, as she thought it indicated the necessity of separating Lord Raymond from Emily. She had one day been giving some directions to her servants in another room, when, returning to her own apartment, she found Lord Raymond, whom she had left there, leaning carelessly out of the window, sitting in another part of the room, and holding something in his hand, which she perceived was a picture, and which he was examining with so much attention and seeming admiration, that he neither heard her come in, nor knew she was near him, till she tapped him on the shoulder.—He started, coloured, and immediately getting up, replaced the picture on the table, from which he had taken it, without speaking.—It was the very portrait of Emily,
for

for which she had sitten in the dress of a Florentine peasant, before mentioned; a miniature which Mrs. Stainville usually carried in her pocket, but had accidentally left on her table.—Mrs. Stainville, on perceiving what the picture was, which had so much absorbed Lord Raymond's attention, and the embarrassment of his manner on being discovered, was too much agitated herself to address him, and they both felt relieved *for once*, by Emily's entering and interrupting their *tête-a-tête*.

The leaving Naples was now with still more earnestness accelerated, and though a temporary separation with Lord Raymond was to be the consequence (as Mrs. Stainville's attention to the rules of propriety allowed her not to admit of his then accompanying them on the road), she
felt

felt much relieved when the day of their departure was come. The first place of rendezvous was fixed for Bologna, which place Mrs. Stainville and Emily reached without any occurrence worth mentioning, having taken their road by the Adriatic coast, and stopped at the different places most worthy of notice, for what Mrs. Stainville reckoned a *decent time*.

Lord Raymond, by another road, arrived on the very same day, and was ready at the door of the inn where they alighted, to hand them out of the carriage ; but so tormented was Mrs. Stainville now by her jealousy of Emily, that, not knowing how exactly to interpret a punctuality she had not expected, she enjoyed not, as she otherwise would have done, their re-union. Lord Raymond's at-
tentions

tentions to her, however, were continued; and Emily, she plainly saw, was above making the slightest advances on her side towards an attempt to regain the power she once had over him;—her manner to him now was that of perfect civility, and perfect indifference.

About a week had passed, since their arrival at Bologna, when one evening that they happened to be at the opera, about the middle of the performance, the door of one of the boxes near her was opened, and several men entered, who, by their dress and manner, seemed to be English.—One in particular, from the remarkable elegance of his appearance, and beauty of his figure, attracted Emily's notice.—He sat silently, and, as it seemed, wholly occupied by the
the

the performance.—Emily, after considering him for some time, asked Mrs. Stainville, if she knew who that young man was; pointing to the stranger—Mrs. Stainville answered in the negative, but almost without even turning her head to look towards the person—On this Emily, addressing herself to Lord Raymond, repeated her question—Lord Raymond answered her also in the negative, but with a smile, or half sneer, which made her colour.—‘*The Gentleman,*’ said he to Emily, lowering his voice, ‘whoever he may be, has reason ‘to be flattered with the attention ‘he has excited in Miss Melville— ‘every one is not so fortunate!’

Emily, however, frequently again looked towards the stranger, who continued

tinued the same seeming attention to the performance; then, a little before the opera ended, got up, and taking leave of his companions, retired.

On the morning following, Mrs. Stainville announced her intention of leaving Bologna on the next day but one.—‘So soon, Madam!’ exclaimed Emily, with an involuntary expression of surprise.—‘Have you any objection, my dear?’ replied Mrs. Stainville, surprised in her turn at something, she could not define *what*, that struck her as unusual in Emily’s manner.—‘O! far from it,’ said Emily, colouring deeply, as she recollected herself—‘how can I possibly have any objection either to going or staying, as it may be most agreeable to you?’ ‘Every place I have yet seen in Italy
‘has

‘ has afforded fresh objects of admiration, and those which, owing to your kindness, I am still to see, will not, I am convinced, prove less interesting — I only—I’—‘ Well, my dear, Emily,’ said Mrs. Stainville, wishing to end the conversation, as she saw Lord Raymond coming—‘ since you like it, we will set out the day after to-morrow.’ She then walked to the other end of the room, and began talking to Lord Raymond.

The next day a box at the opera was proposed to Mrs. Stainville for that evening, who, turning to Emily, said—‘ Do you wish to go Emily?’ and then without waiting for her answer, continued, ‘ I confess I feel very unwell.’—‘ By no means,’ said Emily with quickness, wishing to repair her fault of the preceding

ceding day.—‘ I really prefer staying at home.’ This was not *quite* the case, for Emily had *depended* on going to the opera, as Mrs. Stainville had appeared for some time to avoid staying at home in the evenings, unless with more company than lord Raymond and herself; and in going to the opera Emily thought it probable, that she might again see the stranger, and perhaps learn who he was; yet thought she to herself, how can I be so childish!—he is some Englishman of rank, travelling, it is evident; and what can his name or title ever signify to me?

Mrs. Stainville was uncommonly thoughtful, and out of spirits that whole day; when in the evening, after a long conversation between her and lord Ray-

mond, which was continued in a low voice, Emily was surprised to find, that it was then determined, that lord Raymond should not merely meet them at the different towns where they made any stay, as she had understood to have been settled between them, when they all left Naples, but actually accompany them on the road. Emily felt this as an impropriety, and as what was extremely unpleasant to herself; but setting apart the fear of appearing to be governed by pique, she could not presume to make any objection to this plan; as her pretending to know better than Mrs. Stainville on such a subject, must, she thought, appear like the greatest impertinence. Mrs. Stainville had, however, looked extremely disconcerted when she spoke, which Emily, wishing not further to distress her, affected not to observe.—

Her

Her mind was of that generous nature, which in no case does not, in some degree, participate the unhappiness of others.— She feels, thought Emily to herself, a passion for this young man, by whom, perhaps, that passion is but half returned, too powerful for her reason to resist! — is she not then deserving also of pity, however much she may be deserving of censure?

Emily retired to her own room, saying, she was going to write — Her situation was become seriously distressing, and she felt she wanted the advice of her absent and her only friend — She sighed deeply; and the reflection of the impossibility of now recurring to the immediate support and comfort of doctor Stanmore's friendship and affection, quite overcame her spirits. She several times took up her pen to

address him, and then again laid it down, unable to begin her letter from the tears, which incessantly filled her eyes. In this situation she was interrupted by *mademoiselle Jaqueline*, who tripped into the room, humming a French *vaudeville*. — She was, she said, come to inquire, ‘ *Si mademoiselle n’avoit rien à emballer,*’ as she found that *madame* intended to set out the next day, at which she was rather *étonnée*; but she had no sooner cast her eyes on Emily, than coming up to her, and resting both her hands on the table at which Emily was sitting, she exclaimed ‘ *Ab! mon Dieu! ma chère demoiselle, vous pleurez, qu’avez vous? — mais ne pleurez pas — ma mère me disoit toujours, “ Jaqueline, ne pleure pas, cela gâte les yeux — et vous les avez si beaux, mademoiselle!”*’ Emily smiled, then thanking *mademoiselle Jaque-*

Jaqueline for her attention, told her, that she had nothing to trouble her with, and that what few things she had to pack up, she would bring to her presently, hoping by these means to get rid of her. But *mademoiselle Jaqueline* was not disposed to go; she kept turning and turning about the room, first taking up one thing, and then another, and laying them down again, where she found them.—Poor Emily, who wanted to write in quiet, every now and then cast a melancholy look towards her, not choosing directly to say, that she wished to be left alone.—‘*Vous voilà bien triste!*’ said *mademoiselle Jaqueline*, half muttering to herself—‘*c’est bien dur, aussi! mais tout s’arrangera.*’—Emily cast a look of some surprise at her, but said nothing, think-

ing that the best chance of silencing her. ‘O!’ continued she, still half to herself, ‘*vous faites l’étonnée, mademoiselle, mais je sais bien ce que je fais ;*’ saying this, as she was near the door, and could find no tolerable pretence for stopping any longer, she left the room. Emily easily guessed at what *mademoiselle Jaqueline* meant, as she had once or twice before given hints of her own surmises; but never having received the slightest encouragement to talk on the subject, from Emily, she had hitherto been kept within bounds.—‘Good heavens!’ said Emily to herself, ‘to what will not Mrs. Stainville’s imprudence expose me!’ Emily then began her letter to doctor Stanmore.—It was long and explicit, written in the warmth and fulness of her heart; yet

no one harsh expression escaped her against Mrs. Stainville : she lamented indeed the change, that had, she feared, taken place in her mind towards herself, and entreated doctor Stanmore's advice, in what manner she ought to act in so delicate a situation, as that in which she was now unfortunately placed. She had just finished her letter, when she was called to supper.—

‘What have you been doing,’ said Mrs. Stainville, ‘all this time? you must have written *volumes*,—for my part I am half asleep, and lord Raymond, there, has actually been snoring upon the sofa.’—‘You are determined,’ said lord Raymond, ‘not to leave miss Melville any *regret* for the company she has lost.’—‘O!’ replied, Mrs. Stainville, a little dryly, ‘*the company might*

‘ have proved *rather* more lively, had *she* ‘ been here.’ The conversation for the rest of the evening turned wholly on the arrangements for their journey, which took place, as it had been settled, on the day following.

CHAP. XXX.

VENICE was the place, where Mrs. Stainville had always said, that she meant to make her longest residence, before she returned to England; and there they arrived, after a journey which would have been in every respect delightful to Emily, if she had not been placed in so singular a situation. Mrs. Stainville affected to treat her with the greatest kindness; but Emily felt, that her professions were no longer sincere, and that fine thread, by which they had been united, which forms the bond of real friendship, and which, in a mind like Emily's, no

false substitute could supply, was now snapped asunder.

Mrs. Stainville's flattery to lord Raymond, too, became almost disgusting.—She seemed to study his every look, and caught at every word he uttered, with an attention and delight, that were often almost ridiculous : yet it seemed to please him; he talked to her with apparent confidence, and consulted her on every subject, that respected himself, even to the minutest trifle.—To *amuse* him was not so easy; for he took little delight in any thing he saw during the journey, and slept half the way in the carriage; where, according to Mrs. Stainville's arrangements, he was placed with Emily and herself in her *berline*; and *mademoiselle Jaqueline*, accompa-

accompanied by lord Raymond's *valet-de-chambre*, in his chaise.

During the journey, the image of the stranger, whom she had by chance seen at Bologna, sometimes recurred to Emily's imagination; and she could not help comparing his figure with that of lord Raymond, who was certainly a very handsome man; but still he always lost by the comparison.—In the stranger there was so much dignity and grace, a look so commanding, and yet so sweet, and, she thought, as he occasionally half turned his face towards the side where she sat, that there was a melancholy spread over his countenance, which rendered his appearance still more interesting—His attention to the performance, too, seemed

to indicate a mind less volatile than that of the other Englishmen, who were in the box with him ; and who kept talking together, and staring about the whole time they were in the theatre.—Emily could have been seen by none of them ; having, on account of a head-ach, from which she had suffered in the morning, placed herself behind Mrs. Stainville ; and there were no lights in the box, an Italian custom at the theatres, to which Mrs. Stainville had a particular dislike, and always complained of her *lungs*, whenever they were proposed.—Emily was thus wholly concealed from the persons, who sat on the same side of the house with herself.—But although the recollection of the stranger's figure did recur, her mind was too rational, not to discour-

rage in herself an impression, the folly of which she felt she should so much condemn in another.

They were no sooner at Venice, than Mrs. Stainville began to prosecute a plan, which she thought would afford her much liberty, and certainly relieve her in a great degree from her dread of the renewal of lord Raymond's sentiments for Emily, by removing her from his presence.—She immediately sought the relations of her late husband, and, exerting all the powers of her captivating manner, became shortly on an intimate footing even with those, whom she had not before seen; and prepared them for thinking, that whatever she might do, her conduct *could not be wrong*.—She redoubled her expressions of kindness for
Emily,

Emily, affected to be wholly occupied with her education, and earnest to bring about a marriage, of which she pretended to have little doubt, between her and lord Raymond; all which was easily believed by persons uninformed of the real circumstances relative to their different situations. She then introduced Emily to the particular notice of a lady, who had formerly travelled into England, and being a near relation of Mr. Stainville's, resided for a considerable time with them at their house in the country.—Nothing, in general, giving Mr. Stainville greater satisfaction, than the idea of having many foreign relations, which, he thought, set forth the antiquity and former consequence of his family—he was constantly talking of them, writing to them on every event, which

which in any way affected *the family*; and was never so happy, as when he had an opportunity of exhibiting some of them to the *vulgar* neighbours, by whom he was surrounded in England.

This lady was by birth a Venetian, and had been contracted in her cradle, and afterwards married to a Frenchman of distinction, who, notwithstanding the beauty, which, when young, she possessed, and the perfections of her mind, had always neglected her, and even obliged her after a time to live wholly separated from him. Disgusted with a treatment she so little deserved, and as, from being an Italian, and consequently not having, in every little particular the precise manners of a *French woman*, she had no opportunity of displaying the real merits of her character; she was not taken much notice of by the
family

family of her husband, or by any of the other societies of Paris.—Thus uncomfortably situated, she requested to return to her own country, which was readily granted; and at Venice (her journey to England excepted) she had ever since resided—Being of a retired turn, and little fond of company in general, she passed much of her time with her only sister, who was then superiour of the seminary called *de' Mendicanti*, celebrated for the admirable school of music, which it contains.

Madame de Saint Valory (for that was the lady's name), being a woman of superiour understanding, failed not shortly to distinguish Emily.—She was charmed with the native simplicity of her mind, which formed, she thought, a striking contrast

contrast with Mrs. Stainville's, *not wholly* advantageous to the latter.—Mrs. Stainville's manner was not the more engaging to *madame de Saint Valory*, from forcibly recalling the manners of Paris to her recollection, where the indignities she had suffered from the neglect of a husband, unfortunately *not* indifferent to her, and the impertinence of his family, had been too deeply impressed on her mind, to be forgotten.

Emily would have been more open to the impressions of friendship, from a character so amiable as that of *madame de Saint Valory*, had not her heart lately been wounded by the conduct of Mrs. Stainville; a conduct which the generosity of her own disposition condemned, more than she chose to avow to herself.

Similarity

Similarity of taste, however, united Emily and *madame de Saint Valory* in a thousand instances, and particularly in their love of music, in which science Emily began now eminently to excel.—*Madame de Saint Valory*, enchanted with the melody of her voice, introduced her to her sister, by whom she was often placed in the grated gallery of the church of the *Mendicanti*, where, concealed with the proficients of the seminary, she often delighted the listening crowd below.

Mrs. Stainville had been from the first much pleased with the attentions, which *madame de Saint Valory* showed to Emily; and affecting to give way to her wishes, she would often leave Emily for days under her care, who, on such occasions, resided in her house with her. By degrees,

grees, from days to weeks, nearly three months passed, during which time Mrs. Stainville, what with parties by water to *terra-firma* (as it is termed), the fair of Padua, and other excursions, all which she said Emily, she was sure, would not like, had scarcely seen her.—Emily, on her side, was determined to make every advantage she could of her present situation, being strongly supported by the letters of doctor Stanmore, in which he often repeated to Emily, that Mrs. Stainville, for her own sake, would behave to her at least with propriety; and that to the conscious rectitude of her own conduct, she must in every other respect look for consolation.

While

While Mrs. Stainville was thus devoting her time to *amusing* lord Raymond, who knew not how to amuse himself, Emily was passing whole days in the exercise of a talent, which she thought might one day serve to beguile the melancholy of future hours ; and as she never could have so favourable an opportunity of perfecting this talent, she gave up most of her time to the study of music.

Emily had been for some weeks with *madame de Saint Valory*, and in the constant habit of attending with the other scholars and proficients in the gallery of the *Mendicanti*, already mentioned, when one day of performance it happened, that there were at first only a few persons
scat-

scattered here and there below in the body of the church. A *motet* was to be sung, in which she had a considerable part, when, just as they commenced, from the lattice placed before the musicians, which wholly prevents them from being distinguished from below, Emily saw enter the church, the very stranger, whose figure had attracted her notice at Bologna—He had on the Venetian white cloak, gracefully thrown over his shoulder—His countenance Emily had now an opportunity fully to examine, as he seated himself so as to be more than half turned towards the music gallery, to which his eyes were often directed; and, she thought, though at the idea she accused herself of vanity, that on the sound of her voice, when, in the particular parts of the *motet*, she sang alone,

he

he listened with redoubled attention — The look of melancholy spread over his countenance, which Emily thought she had perceived when at Bologna, and which was now not to be mistaken, and the negligent ease and grace of his figure, rendered his appearance more than commonly interesting — The music over, Emily still lingered in the gallery — she saw the stranger rise, and walk leisurely round the church, examining every part with attention, and as if the objects were not familiar to him. — He is newly come to Venice, thought Emily to herself; and she hoped, that her curiosity to know his name would probably now be satisfied — Though Emily, when Mrs. Stainville was away on any of her excursions, scarcely went out, and never but with *madame de Saint Valery*, in her *gondola*, who sometimes,

times, indeed, to amuse Emily, walked with her in the *Place Saint Marc*, or revisited the churches and other objects of curiosity dispersed about the town.

When again a day for music at the *Mendicanti* was announced, Emily felt her heart beat—She was, on this occasion, more than ever sedulous in her attendance at the rehearsals, and practised over and over the part allotted to her for performance.—The day came, and brought again the stranger to the church, which was this time uncommonly crowded; but he found means to seat himself precisely in the same place—His attention to the music was the same, and the evident expression of pleasure on his countenance, whenever the melodious voice
of

of Emily was heard above the rest, was plainly distinguishable.

For several times subsequent, whenever music was repeated in the church, the stranger failed not in his attendance, took the same place, and expressed the same attention and delight; but when, after a vacation, music was again given there, Emily's eyes in vain sought the stranger—he returned no more. She doubted not but that he had left Venice; and concluded, as it indeed seemed determined, that she never was to discover even his name.

Although *madame de Saint Valery* was commonly in the music gallery with her, where, as a privilege from her near
rela-

relationship to the superiour, she was allowed to sit, Emily had not ventured to make her remark the stranger, or express her curiosity about him; she feared the keen and piercing eye of her friend, who was all quickness, and would, she thought, discover even the slightest expression of emotion as she spoke, should any appear in her countenance.—Emily one day, however, *ventured* to observe to one of her young companions, that there was a *forestiere* seated below; and asked her (as she happened to have some connexion with an English family then at Venice), if she knew who he was.—“No,” said the girl, looking at him, “*ma è bellissimo*”—she then again, without further remark, continued the occupation of tuning the instrument, on which she was going to perform,

VOL. III, H

perform, which Emily, by her question, had interrupted.

Although Emily now wholly abandoned the idea of discovering the stranger's name, and even the probability of ever seeing him again, still she retained his image in her mind, with a mixture of pleasure and melancholy; in which, in spite of reason, she felt a sort of satisfaction.

She amused herself with retracing every thing, that recalled him to her imagination—the church of the *Mendicanti* afforded subjects for her pencil; and numberless views of it were taken by her, particularly of the inside, where the figure of the stranger, as he sat wrapped up in his cloak, was not omitted.—The masterly manner, in which Emily could

could exert the various talents she possessed, rendered them a serious advantage to her, and increased that independance of mind, which belongs to superiour characters—Of these talents Emily now availed herself, and in the society of *madame de Saint Valory*, who rose daily in her opinion, time glided gently on : yet Emily's mind was not free from anxiety ; the time was elapsed, which Mrs. Stainville had fixed for her return to England ; and although doctor Stanmore gave not the slightest hint of impatience at this delay, Emily, both for his sake and her own, severely felt the length of such a separation. She felt too all she was to him, and her affectionate heart made her regret for him that comfort and consolation, of which, by her absence, he was so long deprived—His age too, and frequent

H 2

illnesses,

illnesses, would often, with a still sharper pang, recur to her imagination; and at these moments Mrs. Stainville's conduct, her uncertainty, and evident dependance on the caprice of another, presented her character under worse colours, even than it might otherwise have been viewed under by Emily; for although, as has been already observed, it bore not the nice inspection of truth and penetration, Mrs. Stainville's character was admirably calculated for the world, and its common intercourse—and, even now, while indulging in the plan she had formed for separating lord Raymond from Emily, and attaching him to herself; she omitted not to give all the necessary air of propriety to their intimacy, and always repeated to the persons, whom she had joined to her society,

ciety, that her young companion, both by her own choice and the express desire of her relations, followed the plan of education she had adopted for her.

How long this might have continued, it is difficult to say; for Mrs. Stainville became every day more and more captivated with her young admirer, and ceased even to talk of her return to England.

When, fortunately for Emily, as her situation began to be really distressing, letters were brought to lord Raymond from his mother, informing him, that his presence was absolutely necessary in England, on business essential to his fortune, which could not be

H 3

deferred.

deferred.—As lord Raymond's state of *captivation* was not *quite* so strong as that of Mrs. Stainville, he bore this *unexpected stroke* with great fortitude—all the regular forms, however, of *adieux*, on parting on these occasions, were strictly observed between them. Three days after the arrival of the letters, lord Raymond was actually on his road to England. Mrs. Stainville, now reduced to the slender *aliment* of old *billet doux*, rings, *bracelets*, and *pictures*, found all the *extreme delicacy* of her health return;—she found, in spite of her *desire* to remain at Venice, that the air was so absolutely *contrary to her*, that she *must* change it, and try the well-known recipe of actual travelling; and thus, without communicating her intention of immediately returning to England,

except

except to Emily, she ordered every preparation for her journey.

When the time came fixed on by Mrs. Stainville for their departure, Emily shed many tears on embracing, for the last time, *madame de Saint Valory*, who had so much distinguished her, and to whose society she owed the only agreeable hours she had passed at Venice.

Madame de Saint Valory, as they parted, taking her hand, said—‘ We will not, my young friend, *correspond*:—I know enough of the world, to be sensible, that, circumstanced as we both are, writing must become a task to you ; and therefore could not contribute to any satisfaction of mind ;—but on any event, that

‘ really

H 4

‘ really interests you, I *do* request to hear
‘ from you, and to be remembered ; as
‘ my admiration for you, and my sincere
‘ friendship deserves.’—Saying this, she
again pressed Emily to her bosom, and
hastily retired.

C H A P. XXXI.

DURING the journey, Mrs. Stainville, wishing to obliterate, as much as possible, the remembrance of her own misconduct, which she was sensible Emily must have perceived, and dreading the report she might make of her after their return to England, omitted no attention or appearance of kindness; though she no longer affected that *engouement* which she no longer felt, and which she was certain could no longer impose on Emily, before whose superiour understanding and penetration the weakness of her mind had long shrunk — But she knew not the true greatness of

Emily's character—knew not that she was incapable of the mean revenge, which Mrs. Stainville's imprudence had, indeed, put into her power; and that, far from wishing to expose the foibles of her character, she remembered only to lament its loss the dream of that former kindness towards her, which her youth and inexperience had once made her hope was friendship.

They travelled by the way of the Tyrol, and of a part of Switzerland, into which enchanting and *then* happy country Mrs. Stainville made an excursion, purposely, as she said, for Emily's amusement; but in fact, Mrs. Stainville, though now impatient to return to England, wished still, by not immediately following lord Raymond's steps, to make
that

that impatience at least as little visible as she could.

This excursion in Switzerland however excepted, they stopped no where for above a day or two, till they came to Paris, and there only for a fortnight.—The *marquise de Bellevue* and her society were now no longer objects even of the slightest interest—Mrs. Stainville met them without pleasure, and quitted them without regret—even the *charming Abbé* sighed forth *son désespoir* at the cruelty of her departure, and her making only ‘*une apparition à Paris,*’ without producing the slightest effect.—To England Mrs. Stainville now directed all her wishes, and thither she was determined to return; although, during her journey, she had had time sufficient; to reason on

the little chance she there had of meeting lord Raymond still equally occupied with her, and of ever passing days to her so enchanting as those of Venice ; at the worst, however, there always remained the *derniere ressource* of a *belle passion* and a *sentimental* distress.

In short, Mrs. Stainville's chief reason, for stopping above the time necessary to procure a passport at Paris, was to equip herself properly in every article of dress, and to study in that first of schools the newest fashions of the day.—She in vain wished to force presents on Emily—brought milliners and mantua-makers into her room, and wanted to insist on their being employed at her expense—‘What can it signify, dearest Emily?’ said she: ‘you know, that what I venture to offer
‘are

‘are the merest trifles—a gown of this or that, a *chiffon*;’—but Emily, except here and there something in reality of the most trifling value, and merely not to appear impolite, steadily refused.—‘My dress,’ said she, with a smile full of sweetness ‘will henceforward be simple *indeed*, and you therefore must excuse me.’ A sigh would have risen in Emily’s bosom, which she repressed.—She could not but reflect, with a sensation of melancholy, on her own situation, when from any occurrence it was recalled to her mind, though her thoughts were at this time chiefly directed to the consoling hope of again seeing her kind benefactor. ‘You are an obstinate girl,’ said Mrs. Stainville (who, however, too well guessed, that the motive of Emily’s extreme delicacy on the subject of her presents

was

was her wishing to avoid obligations to her) ‘but if I can help it, you shall not have quite your own way in this.’ She then ordered a dress or two of the most simple, but elegant, make for Emily; which she enjoined *mademoiselle Jaqueline* secretly to put up with Emily’s clothes, and to take particular care, that the discovery should not be made, till she had safely deposited Emily at doctor Stanmore’s. Mrs. Stainville, in short, omitted no little art or attention, by which she fancied she might in some measure again ingratiate herself with Emily, hoping, at least, by these means, that she might be induced to give a more favourable turn to all that had passed, than she felt she had in reality any right to expect.

CHAP. XXXII.

EVERY thing being ready, they left Paris; and a few days, with a favourable passage, brought them to England.—Mrs. Stainville insisted on reconducting Emily herself to doctor Stanmore, into whose arms Emily, on her arrival at her ancient habitation, fell almost breathless with agitation.—Doctor Stanmore pressed her long and affectionately to his bosom, while the tears rolled fast down his aged cheeks—For what do not moments like these repay the feeling heart!—Emily then earnestly looking at doctor Stanmore, examined his features;—she feared the increased decay, which, after

two years absence, she might discover on them;—but from the pure and unruffled spirit within, his features seemed almost to defy the ravages of time, and to acquire only additional dignity from age. Yet Emily's heart at the moment suggested to her, how often, in so long an absence, he must have wanted her affectionate care, and what he must have suffered from anxiety for her.

The next morning Mrs. Stainville took her leave. Had she, indeed, been disposed to stay longer with them, she could not have done so without evident inconvenience, as the parsonage-house was too small, to admit of even one permanent guest.

Emily now returned with composure
and

and activity to her former employments ; she had fortunately lost none of the simple tastes, which, in a youth of innocence, she had acquired ; and little regretted the gayer scenes, in which she had lately been engaged. — Mrs. Stainville's falsehood and insincerity, indeed, for a time continued to affect her ; but the diversity of objects she had seen during the course of her journey, the knowledge of the world which she had acquired, and her own increased information and improved talents, were, to a mind like hers, considerations of serious importance and advantage, of which she had learned well to know the value. Dwelling thus on the scenes through which she had passed, the image of the stranger still often recurred to her memory ; such as to her imagination he had appeared. — The drawings she had
made

made of the *Mendicanti* were carefully framed, and hung up round her room, and she insensibly took a sort of pleasure in retracing to her thoughts the circumstances, which had attended her seeing him, and every thing that recalled him to her mind. She would, however, perhaps, have been less aware of this impression on her imagination, had not an accidental circumstance served to show her, that it was not so slight as she supposed.—Doctor Stanmore, whom nothing escaped in which Emily was concerned, had, in their various conversations on the occurrences during her journey, and her residence in Italy, often closely questioned her on the subject of lord Raymond; fearing that an impression might have been made on her heart deeper than she was willing to avow, even
to

to herself:—but her answers, her unembarrassed look, and her every expression, had always strictly confirmed what she had said on this subject in her letters. When, one day, after having with more than usual anxiety again engaged Emily in the recital of all that had passed relative to lord Raymond, he added—‘and
‘is your heart then, my Emily, indeed
‘so wholly unoccupied?—but you would
‘not, I know, deceive me!’—Emily coloured.—‘My child,’ said doctor Stanmore, drawing nearer to her—and affectionately taking her hand, ‘what does this
‘mean, has any other?’——‘No, dearest
‘sir,’ said she, ‘my colouring, which I feel
‘that I do at this moment, means nothing
‘—I do assure you,—it is too foolish—
‘but’—But what?’ said doctor Stanmore,
‘for *something* I am *sure* there is’——‘No,
‘indeed,

‘indeed,’ repeated Emily, ‘it is too foolish!’——Doctor Stanmore, as it will be supposed, felt his curiosity increased by Emily’s evident embarrassment, and insisted on knowing the real cause.—Emily then related her story, as briefly as she could, and ended by entreating of him not for a moment to consider what she had told him as serious—‘I am not, indeed, so romantic,’ said she, ‘so childish.’—‘Come, come,’ said doctor Stanmore, shaking his head, at the same time that his looks were expressive both of kindness and pity—‘say no more on this subject; I perfectly understand the whole, and allow for that singularity of circumstance, which, I observe,’ continued he smiling, ‘you have not very clearly detailed, and which, perhaps, has not merely increased, but actually *caused* this impression on
‘your

‘ your mind : — nay, do not interrupt me,’
continued he, seeing that Emily was attempting to speak,—‘ it is *not* that I consider what you have now told me as deserving of any serious attention, nor do I fear for you this stranger, whom, probably, you may never again see; or if you should, under appearances so different, that you would scarcely recognize him for the same person;—but, I *do* fear for thee, and must exhort thee, my child, carefully to guard against any strong impressions of this sort; unless it were, indeed, under circumstances, of which, alas ! I cannot now foresee a chance for thee.—Well do I know thee !’ ‘ thou hast not one single grain of coquetry in thy whole composition ; but thou hast a tender, feeling, susceptible heart; a strong, thoughtful, and reflecting mind; and it
‘ is

‘ is on such characters that impressions are
‘ to be feared, as they are ever deep and
‘ lasting.—I shall not foolishly request of
‘ you, to *forget* this stranger, nor do I mean
‘ further to distress you on the subject—
‘ *remember* him you will, in the present
‘ state of your mind; but let not that re-
‘ membrance be nursed into romance—
‘ it is all I now ask.’ Saying this, doctor
Stanmore walked slowly and thoughtfully
out of the room.

Emily felt provoked with herself.—
‘ Had I not,’ thought she, ‘ betrayed so
‘ foolish an emotion, I might have con-
‘ vinced doctor Stanmore how little ne-
‘ cessary were his cautions.’ This sub-
ject was not, however, again renewed by
doctor Stanmore, except occasionally,
and then only in general terms—he
6 thought

thought, as he had said, that it was improbable Emily, circumstanced as she was, should ever again meet with the stranger; and that dwelling unnecessarily on such a subject was not a likely way, to lessen the impression already made on her mind.

CHAP. XXXIII.

A YEAR had now elapsed since Emily's return to England, and the hours had passed on her side in quiet occupation and content. But doctor Stanmore, although too wise to lose the enjoyment of present moments in idle fears for the future, could not, without the most serious anxiety, reflect on Emily's situation, dependant on his frail existence, which age rendered every day more precarious, for support; for his living was little more than sufficient for his establishment, and for that ready assistance to such of his parishioners as required and deserved his care.

This he had frequently hinted to Emily, and thought it now an indispensable duty, not only strongly to set before her eyes, but to recommend to her sound understanding the only means of preserving to herself that independence of spirit, necessary to noble minds.—‘ I have been
‘ disappointed, I will confess,’ said he to Emily, ‘ in the hope, which circumstances seemed, while you were abroad,
‘ to favour, a suitable establishment for you; but, my child, happiness depends
‘ not on situation, and *your* mind prone, I well know, to thought and reflection,
‘ will prevent your now starting at the idea of acquiring support and independence by your own talents.—They are
‘ such, and it has been the study of my life to render them so, as may adapt
‘ themselves to any situation.—In short,

‘ my child, such is the pain and anxiety
‘ which I feel at the thoughts of leaving
‘ you exposed to this unfeeling world,
‘ unprotected as you will be, that I
‘ must, with your concurrence, consider
‘ seriously in what way at some future
‘ period of time those talents can best be
‘ employed for your support.—This is not
‘ a brilliant prospect,’ continued he with a
sigh, ‘ but you will ever, I feel *certain*, in
‘ any situation possess that first of blessings,
‘ which virtue and innocence alone can
‘ give, a clear and unfulled conscience;
‘ and for the rest we must trust to that
‘ merciful and all-seeing Providence, on
‘ whom all things depend.’

Emily answered doctor Stanmore with
calmness and resignation, assuring him,
that on all occasions she was ready, to be
guided

guided by his judgment.—‘ I should ill
‘ have profited,’ added she affectionately,
‘ by your precepts, had I not so governed
‘ my mind, as to be prepared for the mere
‘ frowns of fortune !—Let me but now
‘ enjoy with you the flattering satisfaction
‘ of contributing to your comfort, and
‘ endeavouring in some degree to repay
‘ your infinite care and tenderness.—I ask
‘ no more,—you shall hereafter, as you
‘ please, dispose of me ; and by *your*
‘ wisdom and advice, long, long may my
‘ future days be governed.’

Though Emily had with fortitude supported this conversation, yet, after she had quitted doctor Stanmore, she felt many melancholy reflections crowd on her mind: it was not the want of fortune, or even the necessity of employing her talents for

subsistence, that deeply affected her; but the idea, that when she lost her kind protector, she lost her all on earth, and should remain a lonely, insulated, wandering being in this wide world! — she whose heart was formed for every tender, every social affection. The time, too, now drew near, when she knew that a temporary separation at least must take place between her and doctor Stanmore, which did not serve to *raise* her spirits.

The parsonage required some necessary and considerable repairs, which would for a time render the house not habitable— Doctor Stanmore too had some affairs to settle in Cornwall (his native country) concerning the property of a small house which he had sold; but for which, from some difficulty in proving the title, he had never received payment. This difficulty
being

being likely to be removed were he on the spot, he thought this a good opportunity for taking the journey, particularly as he knew, that he could himself be lodged at the house of a distant relation for the time during which his affairs should require his presence. But where to place Emily till his return, was to him a consideration of no small embarrassment; at last, after thinking it over and over, he recollected his old acquaintance Mr. Rycot, who had repeatedly entreated a visit from him, telling him, that he had a spare room at his service, and assuring him of a hearty welcome as long as he chose to stay. Mr. Rycot, having serious obligations to him, he thought would surely, on such an occasion as the present, have a pleasure in obliging him; and it occurred to him, that by making the proper arrangements, he

might, without scruple, propose to Mr. Rycot, to admit of Emily's occupying the room he had so often offered him for himself; he, therefore, with Emily's consent, wrote in consequence to Mr. Rycot, from whom he received a favourable answer.

The rector and his wife, though vulgar, and in no respect companions suited to Emily, were decent persons, with whom doctor Stanmore considered, that she might remain without impropriety, during the time of his absence from the parsonage — He thought also, that, as it was but too probable she might hereafter be obliged to pass much of her life in a situation very inferiour to that, to which her birth had entitled her, there was no harm in thus, by degrees, accustoming her to the nearer view of manners less polished than her own,

own, that she might be less likely in future to start at the difference, or give that difference still more consequence than it deserved.

When doctor Stanmore arrived at the rectory, on observing its vicinity to the castle, of which he had not been aware, he was glad to find, that the earl and his family were not expected there till the latter end of the summer; before which time, he hoped to be able to fetch Emily away; for he wished her, circumstanced as she then was, rather to shun any particular notice from persons of that description, and cautioned her against making any acquaintance, which might expose her to the necessity of entering into details concerning her own situation.

Emily perfectly entered into these ideas. She wished not to relate *her* melancholy story, where its truth might be doubted, or where it might serve only for the gratification of idle curiosity.--Hence, the rector's *doubts* of *who* Emily really was, which, as it is often the case with those, who like him are curious from mere idleness and want of better occupation, he improved into a story, which to him appeared probable, aided by a little degree of pique at not being, as he thought, himself let into the whole of the secret.

What afterwards passed at Belmour-castle has already been related, and it will easily have been guessed, that the stranger was no other than lord Belmour, whom Emily first unexpectedly met there, as she was viewing the portraits in the library

library of the castle. Various were her sensations at the moment, and so familiar to her mind was the image of the person, whom she then saw before her, that her first impulse was rather to recognize Belmour with a smile as an acquaintance, than to receive him as a perfect stranger; and this impression, marked as it was on Emily's countenance, though instantly checked by reflection, was not (as was before observed) wholly unperceived by Belmour.

Emily failed not to acquaint doctor Stanmore with this unexpected discovery, dwelling, as it seemed to him, on the singularity of the circumstance, with a degree of interest, which awakened in him all his fears for her on the subject; and he, in return to her letter, wrote with much expression of anx-

iety, and entreated her to avoid going to the castle, to refuse, if possible, any invitation thither, that might be given to her. He then set before her, in the most serious light, the danger, to which he felt she was exposed, should she allow herself to encourage an interest, which it was so very improbable ever could tend to any thing but her future misery.—‘The earl of Delavere,’ continued he in his letter, ‘I have always heard spoken of as being a proud, ostentatious man, and it is not therefore to be doubted what must be his views in the establishment of his only son; but I, perhaps, go too far,’ added he, ‘forgive me, my Emily, I can view nothing, lightly, where you are concerned.’

Emily,

Emily, when she received this letter from doctor Stanmore, already felt the justness of the caution it contained, which subsequent events seemed to her still more to confirm.

She was at first, it is true, pleased to discover in the manners and distinguished character of Belmour, what she thought justified the idea she had formed to herself of him, when wholly unknown to her; nor could she be insensible to the admiration, which, however restrained, Belmour had, from the first moment he saw her, conveyed by every expression, that could most flatter the delicacy of a mind like hers. But what were her reflections, it will easily be imagined, when, after this conviction, she saw herself, as she thought, brought by the

most unlooked-for accident, to witness, as it were, the marriage with another, of the very person, whose image had so long occupied her thoughts; for Mr. Rycot's intelligence, and other concurrent circumstances, left her without a doubt, that Belmour's marriage with lady Clementina was determined on, and shortly to take place. — Still something in Belmour's manner, and a marked attention to herself at times, contradicted, she felt, the opinion of his preoccupation for another; but this idea only added to the painful sensations of her heart, whether she allowed herself to nourish or discard it from her breast; the melancholy, grown habitual to her, increased, and her spirits at last grew almost unequal to the task of supporting, in any degree, the necessary appearance of unconcern on this occasion, which

which her situation, she was aware, demanded: she was therefore glad to have the sanction of doctor Stanmore's advice for quitting the rectory, as she did, without further previous notice to her hosts, and without personally taking leave at the castle.

Doctor Stanmore had been again much embarrassed where to place Emily, when she should leave the rectory; a measure, however, on which every thing more and more determined him.—The rector, in writing to him, had actually, with the utmost exultation, announced the *future joyful* event of the supposed marriage; and every thing, that Emily had told him of the persons, whom she had seen on her visits to the castle, confirmed the intelligence; all which increased

increased doctor Stanmore's anxiety. In this dilemma, he recollected a Mr. Enstine, a lawyer, who resided near St. Alban's, and who, with a sister then living with him, took in sometimes an occasional boarder. This man, though not very particularly known to doctor Stanmore, was sufficiently so to allow him to make the proposal of admitting Emily for a time as his lodger; which on Mr. Enstine's side was accepted, his room then being vacant. This being settled, doctor Stanmore had only to arrange the method of conveying Emily thither;—in all which, he wished her to avoid the impertinent curiosity of indifferent persons; and thought it unnecessary, and indeed much better, that Mr. Rycot should not be informed of the place, to which she was going, rather choosing, that he should

suppose her to have accepted of an invitation from some acquaintance; as her quitting the rectory thus suddenly, merely to go and board at Mr. Enstine's, might excite Rycot's curiosity, and occasion him to make some unpleasant surmise.

It happened just at this time, that a cousin of Emily's, a monsieur la Tour, son of a brother of her grandmother's in France, who had been supposed to have been lost in a voyage to the East Indies, came over to England, on some mercantile business, and likewise to endeavour to persuade Emily to sign a release to the claim of some trifling property, which he could not dispose of without her consent; and being now in very indifferent circumstances, from having failed in his
voyage,

voyage, this property, trifling as it was, became an object to him. Although doctor Stanmore, to whom he applied on the business, was aware, that this man was not likely ever to afford the smallest protection to Emily; as he thought the request a just one, to say nothing, from the circumstances of the case, of the extreme improbability, that she should ever be benefitted in the pecuniary way by a refusal, he advised her by all means to comply, and to sign the release. The young man having purposely sought him, where he was, in order the better to explain the business, and being about to return to London when it should be settled, it occurred to him, that he might be of some use to Emily, by meeting her on the road, when she had quitted the rectory, and conducting her to Mr. Ensign's,

stine's, where the whole business of the signing, &c. might be transacted immediately. To this la Tour willingly agreed, and doctor Stanmore communicated the plan to Emily, desiring her, simply, to take a place for herself in the stage-coach for the first part of her journey, and come immediately to Staines, where she would find her cousin waiting for her to conduct her to Mr. Enstine's—and it was walking with this cousin, that Belmour saw Emily, when he went in search of her, directed by the master of the inn to the house where she then was; and where, as the inn-keeper had informed him, she had been detained by being ill, and unable to proceed on her journey. Her conduct to Belmour on this occasion is easily accounted for. — Emily, circumstanced as she supposed him to be on the
the.

the eve of his marriage with lady Clementine, could only attribute this, as it appeared, clandestine pursuit of her, to motives the most offensive—an attempt to take advantage of her low, as he perhaps thought it, and unprotected situation; and she felt the keenest sense of mortification, at the idea of having inspired lord Belmour with such sentiments, as she then supposed him to feel for her. Hence her desire to avoid him, which, without explaining the cause, she, in the general terms of choosing to see nobody, expressed with some warmth to her companion; who, by her manner, and her retiring into the house, imagined, that he was to defend her from some impertinent intrusion; which, as his natural disposition was rough and unpleasant, occasioned his speaking with so little

little restraint of civility to Belmour. Emily felt relieved at the thought, that, if she could get away unnoticed from the place where she was, as Mr. Enstine's chaise was to meet her on the road by appointment on the day following, Belmour must lose all trace of her, at least for the present; as she had not, by doctor Stanmore's directions, told the rector and his wife whither she was going, the only persons who were the least likely, to give any information of her to lord Belmour.

Having, as it was before mentioned, left the house near Staines unperceived; she rejoiced that she had, as it seemed to her, thus escaped further insult.—But a thousand painful recollections weighed heavily at her heart: ill could she reconcile

cile the apparent lightness of Belmour's present conduct with all she had hitherto seen of him—his acknowledged character, his appearance, the respect of his attentions to her, could all this be put on!—could it be false!—Lost in reflections of this sort, she arrived at Mr. Enstine's, who received her at the door.—Mr. Enstine had a smart little figure, with a sharp and rather intelligent eye; but the familiarity, with which he introduced himself to Emily, was by no means calculated to prejudice her in his favour. He conducted her immediately to his sister, who was in the parlour, sitting leaning in a chair with a dawdling air of indifference—She rose, however, on Emily's appearing, as it seemed with a quicker motion than she had intended, and with an involuntary expression of surprise at her

her

her figure, and taking her by the hand, desired her to be seated. After some conversation on the *weather, roads, &c.*—
‘ You must be *amazingly* fatigued with
‘ your journey,’ said Miss Enstine, ‘ and
‘ my brother’s chariot is a perfect *tum-*
‘ *bril*, enough to dislocate one’s bones, as
‘ I always tell him.’—‘ Not in the least
‘ fatigued,’ said Emily, ‘ I have, indeed,
‘ not been quite well of late.’—‘ Indeed,
‘ you do not look so,’ resumed Miss En-
stine, observing Emily’s pale cheek, ‘ you
‘ perhaps would like to repose yourself till
‘ dinner time—I am *sure* you would—
‘ here, Betty,’ cried she, opening the door,
‘ shew the lady into her apartment.’—She
then, without offering to accompany
her, waved her hand, saying carelessly—
‘ We shall soon meet again,’ and resumed
her seat—Emily, sick at heart, and re-
quiring

quiring time to recover her spirits, was not sorry to accept of the liberty offered her of withdrawing from the company. Mr. Enstine, who had always a considerable deal of business on his hands, and never chose unnecessarily to lose time, instantly took la Tour into his closet, to talk over the business, about which he was come, and of which he had had notice from doctor Stanmore; and Miss Enstine, thus remaining alone, could not *communicate* either what she thought, or *chose to think*, of Emily's appearance and beauty, which had, in spite of herself, not a little surprised her. Miss Enstine's ambition was to be thought a *fine lady*, the means of effecting which she conceived chiefly to consist in appearing extremely idle, and extremely indifferent; and these specifics she produced
on

on all possible occasions, which, together with a drawling and monotonous voice, and a half languishing air, she thought rendered the character complete. Her idea of it she had much perfected by studying to make herself in every respect the reverse of her brother, whom she reckoned extremely vulgar; and he, on his side, holding in utter contempt manners so different from his own, seldom failed any opportunity of throwing a ridicule *indirectly* on his sister, sometimes not without a degree of dry humour, which she retorted as she could, and often, when exasperated, by downright abuse.

The contrast of such a society with that of Belmour-castle was ill calculated, to assist in obliterating recollections already too forcibly impressed on Emily's mind;

mind ; and she looked forward only with the hope of again joining doctor Stanmore, and regaining, in the exercise of constant and rational occupations, that quiet, and peace of mind, of which she felt herself almost wholly robbed.

CHAP. XXXIV.

IT was among the persons who occasionally came to Mr. Enstine's, that Emily first saw Mr. Courtenay, who came thither one day on business, and had accidentally agreed to stay dinner, wholly ignorant of whom he was to meet at Mr. Enstine's table. It is needless to remark what must have been his astonishment on Emily's appearance, without previous notice, just at the instant of their sitting down to dinner;—but accustomed to curb the expression of the strongest feelings, nay, even almost wholly to suppress them, when not likely

to prove conducive to his own gratification, he contented himself during dinner with endeavouring to guess who Emily could be ; having no opportunity, then seated as they were at a small table, of asking such a question, without being overheard by her ; the impoliteness of which rendered it, as he thought, impossible.

Mr. Courtenay's conversation was lively, uncommonly agreeable when he chose it, and always full of sense and information :—he possessed a perfect knowledge of human nature, and a nice discrimination of character even on the shortest observation.—He easily discovered, therefore, that Emily was not only distinguished by her beauty, but by a more than common share of understanding ;
and

and finding in himself a strong desire to please, he took not the common and trite method of avowed and open admiration, but endeavoured by frequently, though in a most respectful manner, addressing Emily, to draw her into conversation with him, in which, he without much difficulty succeeded; as she, on her side, was struck with the superiour polish of his manner, and the clearness and justness of his observations on the various subjects, on which their discourse turned; for Mr. Enstine was in his way clever, and at least afforded matter, on which Mr. Courtenay might work for the display of his own talents in conversation. On doctor Stanmore's name being mentioned, Mr. Courtenay, with a visible expression of pleasure, took

occasion to say, that he was one of his earliest acquaintances in life, and a person of all others whom he the most respected.—This, as it may be imagined, increased Emily's confidence, and she talked with still greater ease and liberty, than she might otherwise have done, to a person wholly till then unknown to her.

After dinner, when the gentlemen joined Emily in the parlour, where they found her with Miss Enstine, gaping with *ennui* from having been wholly *thrown out* that day, and completely unnoticed by Mr. Courtenay, on whom, as a man of distinction, she had cast her softest glances, without the slightest effect. Mr. Courtenay, who had procured what intelligence he could of Mr. Enstine concern-

ing

ing Emily, which, though only general, was all he wished to know, came immediately up to her with the ease of a man of the world, saying, ‘ that he hoped, in ‘ consideration of his former acquaint- ‘ ance, he *dared* not venture to say *friend- ‘ ship*, with doctor Stanmore, he might ‘ be received by her not wholly as a ‘ stranger, when he had the pleasure of ‘ coming to Mr. Enstine’s ; — and,’ continued he, turning to him, ‘ you are going, ‘ I believe, Enstine, to find me a very ‘ troublesome fellow, for I am now with ‘ Williams only, you know, a few miles ‘ off, where I shall be for some time ; and ‘ I mean to avail myself, with your leave, ‘ of this opportunity of terminating all ‘ our business together, which I think I ‘ can do more conveniently both for

‘ you and myself, than by carrying you, as I had intended, to Dean Abbey.’— In answer to this speech Mr. Enstine, bowing as if much flattered, assured Mr. Courtenay, that he was at all times welcome, and that he hoped he would study only his own convenience.—‘ And if you can take up with our dinner, sir,’ said Enstine, ‘ Kate and I’ (turning towards his sister, who cast a disdainful look of disapprobation at this too familiar appellation) ‘ shall be most happy whenever you will honour us, and then you will be in a manner sure at that time of finding *me*, without troubling yourself to send previous notice.’—This seemed to be precisely what Mr. Courtenay wished, and under the pretence of *business*, which indeed was not without foundation, his visits.

visits to Mr. Enstine became extremely frequent. Emily always saw him with pleasure, as his coming gave a degree of life to the society at Mr. Enstine's, of which it would otherwise have been to her totally void.—She recollected too having heard doctor Stanmore speak of Mr. Courtenay, as a man of uncommonly promising genius and understanding, which he now in his letters, on her mentioning having seen him at Mr. Enstine's, confirmed, adding, that he should at any time be happy to renew his acquaintance with him.—And as Mr. Courtenay, in his attention to her, seemed actuated by no other motive than the pleasure he took in her conversation and society; she, by degrees, grew to listen to him with the ease and familiarity inspired by an agreeable acquaintance.

In this manner above six weeks passed, when Emily, to her no small satisfaction, received a letter from doctor Stanmore, announcing his return to the parsonage, and appointing a day for meeting her there.—She immediately communicated the contents of her letter to Mr. Enstine, who, she thought, seemed not much pleased with the intelligence: this, however, she attributed only to his not perhaps being provided with another lodger, to occupy the room she left, or some other reason of that sort.—A gloom too, as she spoke, was spread over Mr. Courtenay's countenance, who happened to be at the time with Mr. Enstine, which he appeared anxious to conceal, and affected to talk with an indifference of her ensuing departure, which she began to suspect he did not

not feel. This was the first time that any idea of the kind had struck her with regard to Mr. Courtenay; and many vague recollections now rushed on her mind, of different things which he had said to her in conversation, which seemed to corroborate this opinion. Such a supposition left her by no means without anxiety—she felt averse to engaging herself; yet was sensible, that to such a man as Mr. Courtenay appeared, should his intentions become serious, it was probable no reasonable objection could be opposed. All this she hoped might be fancy, and the effect of her too quick imagination; prone often to foresee even imaginary evils—and she determined, if possible, to mix no alloy in the sincere and heartfelt joy of again seeing her old and beloved friend;—and in the only

hope to which she looked forward with a shadow even of satisfaction for herself, the contributing, by her care and tenderness, to his future comfort and happiness.

CHAP. XXXV.

OF short duration were Emily's doubts respecting Mr. Courtenay's sentiments, as scarcely a fortnight had elapsed after her return to the parsonage, when he presented himself there evidently to seek her, as he offered no other pretext for coming, than his desire of renewing his former acquaintance with doctor Stanmore.—This could not be mistaken.—Mr. Courtenay, however, for some time ventured not to avow the real motive of his visits, till sufficiently, as he thought, authorised by doctor Stanmore, who, from the first, had received him with

K 6

every

every expression of cordiality and regard. To him, therefore, he preferred his suit, entreating of him to be his advocate with Emily, on whom, he said, depended the future happiness of his life.

Mr. Courtenay spoke with manly sense and feeling—he was, he said, aware of the difference of age, and the little pretensions *he* could have to excite in the breast of Emily an interest more lively than that of friendship and esteem; still, he said, he was not without hope, that by making it the first study of his life, by every care and attention, to merit some share in her affection, he might, from a character like hers, meet with that return, which would satisfy the utmost of *his* ambition—and that, should he

he succeed in promoting the happiness he so sincerely wished her, he should consider himself as the most fortunate of men. Doctor Stanmore, having assured him of *his* good wishes, and of the satisfaction that for every reason such an union would give him, left Mr. Courtenay; impatient to communicate to Emily all that he had said, and obtain her consent to what he himself had so much at heart for her, an union with Mr. Courtenay; whom he considered as a man both of sense and honour, certainly of one of the most ancient families in this kingdom, and possessed still of no inconsiderable estate, though, as he understood, somewhat lessened by imprudences in his youth. A very affecting scene followed between him and the child of his adoption.—Poor Emily, though

though not surprised, was much agitated at what she heard, and affected at the disinterested anxiety of doctor Stanmore, which, on every occasion, so manifestly showed itself for her.

Though in Mr. Courtenay she saw a protector, a man of sense, and an agreeable companion, she felt, indeed, that her wishes led her rather to prefer the pleasing task of contributing, by her care and attention, to the comfort of doctor Stanmore, and devoting her life solely to quiet and retirement.—But Emily deceived not herself: she mistook not the secret cause, which, in a great measure, she was sensible, influenced her mind on this occasion; and determined, that what appeared to her only as a weakness, which time insensibly must conquer, should not govern

vern her decisions, or destroy the prospects she might have of future and rational happiness.—For one only being, she was persuaded, could sensations more lively than those of friendship and affection ever have been excited in her bosom; and the vision of youthful fancy seemed there to have wholly faded before her eyes—Belmour she then believed actually married to lady Clementina; for when the earl of Delavere (then marquis of Belmour) died, the newspapers were filled with accounts of his will, his funeral, its magnificence, and an enumeration of his titles, honours, and immense estates, all which devolved to his only son; to which was added a no less circumstantial detail of Belmour's marriage with lady Clementina, which had (as it was supposed) taken place

place at the request of his father, while on his death-bed—the speech which Belmour had made on the occasion—lady Clementina's wedding dress, all was exactly and accurately described; and their being together to accompany lady Caroline, his sister, to Lisbon, whither she was ordered for the reestablishment of her health. This jumble of facts and falsehood, as it but too often happens, was, for a considerable time, generally talked of, and generally believed; as those whom the account most nearly concerned, either heard not of it themselves, or, as immaterial, thought the report not worth formally contradicting. In short, Emily, confirmed by the dictates of her own reason, and having nothing to oppose to the arguments, which doctor Stanmore's anxious zeal and disinterested

interested friendship adduced for her compliance to the proposal, consented to receive Mr. Courtenay as her future husband. No sooner had Emily taken her resolution, than she determined to fulfil, according to the utmost strictness of her own conscience, every serious duty of the engagement she was shortly to make for life; *certain*, that in so doing alone, she could ever hope to attain that sacred peace of mind, to which she looked forward as her consolation and reward.

Mr. Courtenay, by the restrained expressions of the more lively sense he felt of his own happiness, and the most respectful attentions to Emily every day, gained ground in her good opinion, and gave her cause not to regret the consent
she

she had given to his addresses ; yet the first and best reason Emily still felt for the step she had taken was her reliance on doctor Stanmore's better judgment, who knew the inmost recesses of her soul—*he* advised, *he* even entreated ;—and that her welfare and happiness were dearer to him than to herself, she never for a single instant doubted.

Doctor Stanmore, on his part, relieved from the painful anxiety, under which he had so long laboured on Emily's account, and from grudging, as it were, every passing day, which, by robbing him of a portion of his frail existence, must also rob his darling child of her only support, seemed to revive—it was rejuvenescence, and he talked of nothing but future plans.

Mr.

Mr. Courtenay's intention, which he had before declared, of residing wholly in the country, was by no means displeasing to Emily.—Of London she knew nothing; her curiosity was not much excited by any thing she had heard of its society or amusements, and she despised that vanity arising from indiscriminate admiration, which, from her extreme beauty, she could not but know, that she might every where command;—on such admiration she knew happiness depended not—*that* happiness, or rather *content*, she was determined to seek within herself, and, if denied her to enjoy, at least to deserve.

CHAP. XXXVI.

SETTLEMENTS were, by Mr. Courtenay's direction, immediately drawn up by Mr. Enstine, and shown to doctor Stanmore for his approbation. The provision for Emily appeared uncommonly handsome; and it is not to be supposed, that doctor Stanmore, in such a case, inquired narrowly into the powers of the estate with an eye of suspicion: he could have no doubt of their validity, and Emily had nothing.

Soon after their marriage, which immediately took place, Emily set out
with

with her husband for Dean Abbey, his family seat.

She had to the utmost endeavoured to support her spirits ; yet her parting with doctor Stanmore was a heavy trial—the mutual promises, which had passed between doctor Stanmore and Mr. Courtenay, of meeting from time to time at their respective habitations, were little calculated, by imposing on her mind, to afford so consoling a hope. Doctor Stanmore's duty she knew seldom, indeed, allowed him to leave the parsonage, and of Mr. Courtenay's predilection and design, uninterruptedly to reside at Dean Abbey, she was aware.

During the journey, Mr. Courtenay attempted, not foolishly to *comfort* or *console*

sole Emily, but rather appeared to pity and respect her distress; and by every expression in his power, endeavoured to convince her, that such marks of the tenderness and affection of her heart were by no means displeasing to him.

When they arrived at Dean Abbey, it was already late, the distance from the parsonage being nearly a hundred miles.—On alighting, Emily perceived evident signs of confusion among the servants, - some ran one way, some another, and no preparations seemed made for their reception: Mr. Courtenay led Emily on through an immense gothic hall, from the opposite end of which they saw the fat housekeeper come waddling towards them with a candle in

in her hand, the only light, two half-extinguished lamps excepted, in the place.

‘ Warner,’ said Mr. Courtenay, as she came up to them, ‘ I believe all the
‘ servants have lost their senses—none of
‘ them appear to attend us—here is your
‘ lady.’—‘ And a sweet one, I am sure,’
said Mrs. Warner, holding up the candle,
which she had in her hand, to Emily’s
face as she spoke,—‘ God bless her ! say
‘ I, and your honour.’—Saying this, she
curtsied low, Emily smiled, then turning
to Mr. Courtenay,—‘ Do not be distressed,’
said she, ‘ the servants probably did
‘ not expect us after it was so late ;
‘ Mrs Warner will, I am sure, take sufficient
‘ care of us.’—As she spoke,
Emily accidentally laid her hand on Mr.
Cour-

Courtenay's arm; she felt that he trembled, as it seemed with vexation. He then drew Mrs. Warner on one side, and said something to her in a low voice, which she answered in the same tone. Afterwards collecting himself, and turning towards Emily—'The servants,' said he, 'as Warner informs me, have all been quarrelling together to-day, a damned set of rascals!—but she has, however, prepared our room, and some supper for us.' Saying this, he made the housekeeper a sign to advance, and they followed her through the hall to the bottom of a staircase—all was dark.—'Your honour,' said the housekeeper, stopping, 'would it not be better, if you and my lady would come into your honour's study? there is a good fire there, and I can bring your honour and my lady the
9 things

‘ things for supper, while the maids are
‘ getting all ready above?’—To this Emily
begged they might assent.—‘ We shall,’
said she mildly, and with perfect com-
posure of countenance, ‘ I have no doubt,
‘ find the room extremely comfortable,
‘ and all will be perfectly set right to-mor-
‘ row.—I have not, you know,’ continued
she, addressing herself to Mr. Courtenay,
‘ been accustomed to *many* servants, and
‘ be assured, that *your* feeling for a mo-
‘ ment disturbed at this little accident can
‘ alone even in the slightest degree distress
‘ *me.*’—Mr. Courtenay gently pressed
her hand, casting towards her a look of
infinite admiration.

Emily’s spirits seemed to rise on this
little occurrence, as she found a necessity

for exerting them, lest Mr. Courtenay, who she plainly saw was himself much vexed, should imagine her affected by difficulties of so trifling a nature in themselves, as these appeared to her.

The next day, Mr. Courtenay told Emily, that he had turned some of the rascals away, and that the whole was settled; but entered not into the least detail, and seemed rather desirous afterwards to avoid the subject. Emily thought little more of what had passed at the moment, nor till further circumstances led her to think, that there was something mysterious in Mr. Courtenay's conduct, which subsequent events fully explained; convincing her, that former imprudences, want of arrangement in his affairs, and above all a want of confidence inherent in his character, caused

caused that inward uneasiness of mind, which he vainly strove to conceal.

Emily had heard much of the ancient magnificence of Dean Abbey, and of its picturesque beauties, both from others and from Mr. Courtenay, who seemed to take peculiar pleasure in detailing them. With the latter, indeed, Emily was much struck, as the views of the building on the outside were admirable; and she could easily trace the remains of the former: but internally the long train of uninhabited apartments, the numberless passages and staircases leading to useless turrets and towers, were little calculated to inspire any ideas but those of melancholy and discomfort.

The same appearance of decay and
L 2 neglect

neglect was visible throughout the park and the gardens, some nicely trimmed yew-hedges near the house excepted.—Yet Mr. Courtenay kept a considerable number of servants, distinguished in strict form according to their different capacities, as steward, game-keeper, &c.; but they seemed all to be equally unacquainted with their business, and with the respect and attentions due from them to their master. Mrs. Warner, the house-keeper, was the only servant, who had resided for any time with him.—She had been born in the house, and her mother had been house-keeper to his father.—In her Mr. Courtenay seemed to place no small degree of confidence; but with the rest of his servants he was impatient, and often violent; and they appeared to obey him

him rather through fear than attachment.

Emily, who had a spirit of order, without which no abilities can be really useful, seeing his impatience at being so ill served, several times offered to take upon herself the care of his house; but this Mr. Courtenay declined, saying, that *to Warner* he had consigned the whole of that business, and as to servants in general they were '*all alike.*' Emily, after a time, seeing that Mr. Courtenay always avoided the subject, desisted from any further offers. The evils in themselves she considered not as great, but regretted that reserve of disposition in Mr. Courtenay, which would, she foresaw, on any future occasion, prevent her from affording to his mind that sup-

port and relief, which might otherwise have been in her power, and which, both from duty and inclination, she felt so much disposed to give.

Emily, from the time of her marriage, and her arrival at Dean Abbey, continued to live in what might be called almost total solitude, till the period of her going to Cheltenham.—There were few neighbours near enough to make any intercourse with them of much resource; particularly as Mr. Courtenay appeared not to wish to cultivate their acquaintance—a visit of form received and returned ended the business; and now and then a dinner given at the Abbey, when Mr. Courtenay always seemed anxious to maintain an appearance, not only of opulence, but even of
state;

state ; which Warner, aware of the humour and disposition of her master, endeavoured, as much as it was in her power, to promote. On these occasions, under her direction, the servants were *drilled* for a week previous to the day of invitation ; and the old family plate, of which there was a considerable quantity, was cleaned up, and placed on the sideboard in the most exact order.—Warner prepared every thing, and, in fact, had the care of every thing ; which was extremely necessary, as the different servants, though *dignified* by the most honourable appellations, as steward, groom of the chambers, &c., were a set of awkward clowns, who were totally strangers to the duties attached to the situations, in which they were misplaced.

Mr. Courtenay always affected the greatest indifference at the moment when any thing went wrong, but evidently felt it much more severely than the subject deserved, and would afterward chastize his servants in a manner that added to their stupidity, by inspiring them with terroure, and deprived them of what little powers they might have had, under gentler treatment, of serving him more to his own satisfaction.

To Emily, Mr. Courtenay always appeared kind and attentive, and seemed earnest to curb the violence of his disposition in her presence, though unwilling to disclose the cause of that gloom, and inward uneasiness, which so often hung over his countenance—He sought indeed at times, as it appeared, entire solitude,

tude, and would take long rambles alone, sometimes on foot, and sometimes on horseback, unaccompanied by any servant, and often did not return till it was dark. On these occasions, Emily perceived that it was displeasing to him to have any remarks made on the lateness of the hour, or length of his absence, at his return; and therefore endeavoured not to meet him with a countenance expressive of the uneasiness she often really felt, at the disordered state of mind under which at times he appeared to labour. Mr. Courtenay also made occasional journeys to town, and to Mr. Enstine's, with whom he seemed to have frequent business. Emily, by these means, passed many solitary hours, which she, however, had the advantage of being able to employ in the

further cultivation of her mind, and in the pursuit and exercise of her various talents. Her music was no small resource, though as she made the soft notes of the organ resound to her voice, the image of Belmour would sometimes involuntarily present itself to her mind, and, by recollections at the same time dear and painful to her, increase that melancholy, which no surrounding object was then calculated to diminish—To no one could she complain; for the susceptible heart of her only friend she feared to wound, by dwelling in any degree on the gloom of her present situation; since he, anxious for her welfare, had so earnestly pressed an union, which he thought every way likely to conduce to her future advantage and happiness, and to which he had
sacrificed

sacrificed every selfish view, in thus promoting a plan, which separated him from all he held most dear on earth.

Emily had learnt with surprise, and a mixture of confused sensations, which she could not exactly define to herself, the marriage of lady Clementina with Melford. This, of course, contradicted the persuasion of Belmour's engagement, of which she had hitherto entertained no doubt—but as of these events she knew nothing except from common report, she was at a loss what to credit, or what to disbelieve.

About this time her health, which was always delicate, had visibly declined, and Mr. Courtenay, anxious for her in the extreme, had insisted on having medical

L 6

advice.

advice. The consequence of this was her being ordered to Cheltenham, where she so unexpectedly again saw Belmour—destined, as it were, to renew with so much additional interest, from a further knowledge of his character, from his passionate admiration of her, which she could no longer doubt, and from the thousand amiable qualities he possessed, those sentiments, which she had so often vainly endeavoured to banish from her heart.

C H A P. XXXVII.

IT was now nearly three years since Belmour had quitted England; during which time, he had not only visited great part of Europe, but extended his travels into Asia and Egypt. From Constantinople he had sailed to Smyrna, where he had by chance met with a Greek, a man of profound erudition, who had made it his particular study, to trace the remains of Grecian art, science, and grandeur, on the very spots where they had existed. He had already made several voyages and journeys for this purpose, was particularly acquainted with the
different

different islands in the Archipelago, and had, with the enthusiasm of national pride, more than once visited that part of the Asiatic coast, where still are to be traced the ever memorable plains of Troy. He had even gone farther than any other traveller into the interior of the country, which afforded him the most curious speculations from the still remaining language and customs of ancient Greece.—On conversing with this man, Belmour found, that his circumstances, which were contracted, alone hindered his further prosecuting his travels and observation; and that if proper opportunity offered, he would not even object again to go over such parts of Greece and Asia, as he had already visited—Such a companion, it appeared to Belmour, would be of infinite use to him;

him ; and circumstances thus uniting to make it the advantage of both, their plan was easily settled, and they agreed to travel together.—The Greek was a man of a thoughtful and serious turn, who, in addition, having had misfortunes in his youth, was uncommonly silent, though without any unpleasant reserve, when once engaged to enter into conversation—Yet as there existed not that sympathy between them, which renders confidence the necessary consequence of intimacy, without further investigation of Belmour's character, he considered him in the light only of a young Englishman of fortune, who travelled for amusement, and to dissipate some secret chagrin, the cause of which he had no wish to penetrate.

Belmour,

Belmour, often in the course of their travels, when for any time they remained at particular places, made solitary rambles for several days, and even weeks together;—when he returned, he found the Greek void of surprise or curiosity at the length of his absence; and to appearance indifferent as to his return.—Love, when occasionally the subject occurred, he treated as a mere delirium of the imagination; and admitted of no circumstances, which could make it otherwise.—This did not encourage confidence on the part of Belmour—his sorrows remained wholly locked up in his own bosom—those sorrows time had only more deeply impressed on his heart, where Emily still reigned without control.—To muse over his own hard fate, and to recal to his mind her per-

perfections, was the great charm of his life, and could, he thought, best be indulged, while thus far distant from that vain and insignificant society of the world, for which he then felt only disgust—While his eyes wandered over the various new and interesting scenes every where presented to his view, a calm and composed sensation often took place in his breast, which, by leading to the consolations of philosophy and virtue, so softened his melancholy, as to allow it almost to merit the name of pleasure. From that spice too of romance inherent in his character, the gratification of every act of benevolence, which, when the occasion occurred, he never neglected, was redoubled to him by his name and fortune not being known, and consequently less expectations formed of his powers to relieve by
muni-

munificence. On one occasion, in particular, he had the satisfaction, so touching to his own heart, of completing the happiness of another.

A young man of the name of Wilmot, with whom he happened to form some degree of acquaintance on his first coming to Smyrna, (where Belmour now was for the second time) had, during his absence, become passionately in love with a Turkish girl, whom a merchant there, of that nation, had bred up from a child, and intended for the seraglio of the Grand Seignior.—Wilmot had seen her by chance; but afterward found means to converse with her in secret from her window, which looked into a garden, over the wall of which, to his no
small

small risk, Wilmot used to climb when the nights were dark, on a given signal agreed upon between them—This intercourse had continued for a considerable time; when Wilmot, certain of his passion being returned, and without the smallest hope of openly obtaining the object of his wishes, determined, with the young girl's consent, to carry her off secretly.—The plan was laid, and every thing, as they thought, secure, when, after she had actually left the house with her lover, they found themselves pursued, a fray ensued in the street, and with difficulty, by the interference of the English factory, Wilmot was allowed to escape without being thrown into prison.—Belmour, who had only been entrusted

trusted on the very night on which the affair took place, had accompanied Wilmot, and been the means actually of saving him from the fury of the pursuers, in effecting which he had been himself wounded.

On the next day, his wound not being of consequence sufficient to confine him, Belmour visited Wilmot with an intention of inquiring into his further hopes. He found him the picture of despair, and in a state almost of insensibility.—‘Would
‘ not money do much, secretly and judiciously employed?’ asked Belmour in a comforting voice of encouragement.—‘ Money!’ exclaimed Wilmot, frantically starting, ‘ Yes, *money would do*—
‘ but I am sufficiently cursed! not double
‘ the sum of all I possess on earth, or
5 ‘ possibly

‘possibly could raise, would satisfy
‘the rapacious demands of this infernal
‘tribe!’

Belmour made no reply, but instantly hurried out of the room—‘Ay, ay!’ cried Wilmot with a forced smile, following him with his eyes as he quitted the room—‘even the noble spirit of an
‘Englishman shrinks from the sight of
‘such a wretch as I am! unable as he
‘now is to assist me.’

Wilmot had remained in such a situation of mind, as made it necessary he should be watched, lest from despair he should be tempted to some rash act against himself—a care which, as he was much beloved, some gentlemen of the English factory had undertaken; when,
after

after some hours, the door flew open, and Belmour, like a protecting angel, appeared, leading the beautiful slave by the hand—Wilnot, at first, thought himself in a dream; and still, though encircled by the tender arms of his mistress, he continued to stare wildly, unable to collect his scattered senses, and turn at once from misery to happiness.

When he had, in some degree, recovered, turning to Belmour—‘Far, far beyond all power of thanks, are such benefits!’ said he, pressing his hands closely to his eyes—then to his bosom—‘here, here, I feel my obligation.’—He could say no more; and Belmour, much affected himself, hastily left him.

The

The next day, Wilmot having procured the proper draught for a sum to the full extent of all he possessed, carried it to Belmour. ‘So much,’ said he, ‘of your generous benefaction I can repay—for the rest I shall willingly remain *your* debtor—have no scruple in the acceptance—I am young, and can easily find employment.’—Belmour, smiling, returned him his draught, and gently pressing his hand—‘Rest secure,’ said he, ‘my young friend, I am already more than repaid—and as to the money, it was to me of no importance—of this I assure you, on my honour.—One day, perhaps, I shall explain my situation to you,’—Seeing that Wilmot was going to reply, Belmour begged to be no farther pressed on
the

the subject at which he had hinted ; and shortly afterward took his leave.

Wilmot attempted not to penetrate a secret, whatever it might be, which Belmour wished to conceal.—His surprise was, indeed, extreme at the facility, with which Belmour, who, under the name of Hubert, passed for an English gentleman of no considerable fortune, had procured so large a sum ; and the ease with which he had thus bestowed it on one, who was in reality so little known to him, merely to satisfy the generosity and benevolence of his own disposition.

Wilmot's thoughts were, however, soon turned to the necessary preparations
for

for leaving Smyrna, and going to England, whither he was to carry his newly married wife, trusting he had recommendations, to enable him to find employment in the line of business which he meant to follow. A vessel was shortly to sail for England, and in it he took his passage.

These preparations—the name of England, which contained all that was most dear to him, so often repeated, strangely affected Belmour, and brought past remembrances, as it seemed, with new force to his mind.—A thousand vague plans, in consequence, successively presented themselves to his imagination, and were as soon rejected by him.—In this unsettled state of mind, he was one day walking alone near

the outskirts of the town, when he saw a figure moving slowly on in pensive meditation, which appeared not unknown to him,—again he looked.—‘ Good Heavens!’ he exclaimed, ‘ is this possible, or do my eyes deceive me!’—at the sound of his voice, the friar of Cintra (for it was he), suddenly started, and easily recognizing Belmour, advanced towards him with open arms, then held him closely pressed to his bosom—‘ These are the rewards,’ said he, devoutly raising his eyes, ‘ which bounteous Heaven, when least expected, sends to soften and mitigate our sorrows!—that we should meet in these distant regions; or that we should again meet at all, my son,’ continued he, as a tear stole gently down his cheek; ‘ is wonderful!’—After the first

first expressions of surprise were over, they mutually, as may be supposed, inquired into each other's history.

The friar informed Belmour, that about a year after he had seen him, their convent having fallen much into decay, and the funds belonging to it being by no means adequate to the necessary repairs, added to which, a contagious malady had carried off several of the brothers; it was determined by those who had the supreme power, that the remainder of the brotherhood should be transferred to another monastery of the same order, then labouring under nearly similar difficulties; as by this incorporation of the two monasteries, their united income would prove sufficient for their support. On this occasion, a strict inquiry was made into

every thing relative to each of the friars, their names, ages, and other particulars; and the family of don Juan de Colavrado (for that was the friar's name), became fully acquainted with the place of his concealment, which had been till then but suspected. The head of the family, who, by the death of his elder brother, had very lately become possessed of a large property, being a man of a humane and generous disposition; and at the same time feeling his pride hurt by the seeming neglect, into which his near relation, and the real heir of all his riches, had fallen; immediately sought him out, and endeavoured, by every means, to persuade him to partake at least of his fortune: hoping by his interest, which was considerable at court, being one of the first and most powerful of the grandees of Spain, if

not to obtain a dispensation from his vows, for don Juan at least not to be denied a mitigation of what he considered as his sufferings, by his removal to some richer and more considerable monastery of an order less severe; where, although deprived of liberty, he might still enjoy many of the comforts of life, of which he now was wholly deprived.—‘ My melancholy
‘ story,’ continued the friar, ‘ which was
‘ now revived and publicly talked of,
‘ rendered me an object of curiosity; and
‘ beside many relations who sought me,
‘ I found myself continually molested by
‘ persons, who, under pretence of visiting
‘ the convent, came in fact merely to
‘ look at me. This, and the distance of
‘ the new monastery, to which I was to
‘ be transferred from the sad urn, and the
‘ remains of all that attached me to earth,

‘ —the silence and solitude, to which
‘ my soul was accustomed, wholly broken
‘ into—these considerations made me at
‘ last listen to a proposal of my really
‘ kind relation, don Lewis; who offered
‘ to procure me the nominal charge of
‘ a mission to the Levant, under cover
‘ of which I might avoid again entering
‘ the dark walls of a monastery.—His af-
‘ fection touched me, and I gave way—
‘ nor have I repented.—Heaven, my son,
‘ is merciful!—thirty years of suffering
‘ have, I trust, expiated the crimes and
‘ errors of my youth; and I find my sad
‘ heart composed—this canopy,’ said he,
pointing to the sky, ‘ is glorious! and
‘ the repose in which I am allowed to
‘ pass the remnant of my life, soothes
‘ and mitigates my sorrows! — But
‘ on *your* countenance,’ looking with
some

some earnestness at Belmour—‘ if I mistake not, I see traces of sorrow, which
‘ my heart tells me you have not deserved!—I would know more,’ continued he, ‘ and surely may be trusted!’
‘ You are kind, replied Belmour, let us
‘ retire to my house, we shall there be
‘ freer from interruption.’ —‘ To-day, I
‘ cannot,’ said the friar, ‘ but for to-morrow, name your time; consider me as
‘ a friend, as one in whom you may confide; on that condition I will attend you.’

The next day, at the appointed time, the friar came to him; and Belmour, having no fear of any indiscretion from such a confidant, made no scruple to relate to him, without reserve, the whole of his story—and as he found

a sympathizing heart, the recital was not made without some relief to his own bosom.—When Belmour had finished his relation—‘Much, much I pity you,’ said the friar; ‘but oh! how different is our fate!—*you* may still again behold the object of your love!’—the tears, which already stood in his eyes, now flowed so fast, that he was unable to continue, but turning his head on one side, he remained for a considerable time without speaking; then, after exchanging a promise with Belmour of shortly meeting, he took his leave.

‘*I may* again see the object of my love,’ repeated Belmour to himself, as the friar left the room—and this reflection of the unfortunate don Juan, so exactly coincided with the ideas, which had
of

of late occupied his own mind, that giving way to an almost irresistible impulse, he determined to take advantage of the opportunity of the vessel in which Wilmot was to sail; and, under the pretence of business, which required his presence for a short time in England, contrivè once again to see Emily.—‘ But that peace of mind,’ said he, sighing heavily, ‘ which she, fortunately, may have regained, must never
‘ be disturbed by me—such were her
‘ last injunctions—and they shall be religiously observed;—yet I may behold
‘ her!—*I cannot renew* sensations, which
‘ have long since become a part of my
‘ existence, and which melancholy seems
‘ but to have endeared to me!’—The resolution once taken, every thing necessary for the voyage was easily settled, so the no small satisfaction of Wilmot,

who rejoiced at the idea of being accompanied by his generous benefactor.

Belmour thought only of the means of putting his plan in execution, after he should arrive in England—he had left Emily at Dean Abbey, and doubted not but that, from every circumstance he had observed relative to Mr. Courtenay's character and disposition, to that spot her residence was fixed.—On this supposition his plan was formed; the execution of which appeared to him attended with little difficulty, acquainted as he was with the place, and the different roads leading to it.

Much of the remainder of his time, during his stay at Smyrna, was passed with don Juan, in whom he every day discovered

discovered fresh proofs of those amiable and generous qualities, which were inherent in his nature—The noble enthusiasm of the Spaniard was not diminished either by the superstitious observances of a monastic life, or by his own misfortunes; he listened with interest to the sufferings of real passion, and though time had in part conquered the acuteness of his own griefs, he knew not how to condemn in another a sentiment, which had imperiously governed the fate of his own life.

They parted with regret on both sides, yet Belmour was much relieved on his friend's account, from the infinite difference between his present situation and that in which he saw him when first they met at Cintra; where, condemned

almost to total solitude, the unfortunate don Juan was surrounded only by objects tending to increase his melancholy, and depress the natural powers of his mind.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

IN three weeks from the time of Wilmot's adventure, the vessel already mentioned set sail, and, after an uncommonly prosperous voyage, arrived at Portsmouth, where it had been agreed, that, circumstances permitting, the passengers were to be landed.

Wilmot went immediately to London; and Belmour, leaving Bertram at Portsmouth, under strict charge of secrecy, crossed the country alone. By the help of a flouched hat, and great coat, which he procured for the occasion, he

he was, he thought, sufficiently disguised, not to fear a discovery from those, whom he might accidentally meet in his way.—

When he got to an inn, or rather half-way-house, within about fifteen miles of the Abbey, he took a horse for the remainder of the day, and for as much of the next as he should want it; leaving his portmanteau and watch for a security: having, as he thought, calculated his time so, as by leaving the horse at a cottage he recollected to have seen, and continuing the rest of the way about three miles on foot, he should just arrive at the close of day near the Abbey.—‘On the terrace, she will take her accustomed walk—I shall there behold her!’ said he to himself. It must be observed, that an unfrequented hollow road led immediately below the terrace,

race, from which those who walked on the terrace were easily seen, while the persons in the road, from a high neglected hedge-row, that overshadowed it on each side, were completely concealed.

Belmour left the inn with almost breathless impatience, and hurrying on his horse, scarcely sensible of what he did, the poor animal struck its foot with so much violence against the stump of a tree, which accidentally stood up in the road, that it became suddenly lame. To this accident Belmour's attention was of necessity called—he alighted, examined the foot, and plainly saw, that on horseback it was impossible for him to proceed. He was then on an open common, and how many
miles

miles precisely from Dean Abbey, he knew not.

‘ I shall still perhaps be able to arrive, even on foot, before it is quite dark,’ thought he to himself;—and leaving his horse at a farm-house, which he perceived at a small distance, he hastened away on foot.—After crossing several fields, by which, he imagined, he should shorten his road, he found, that he had missed his way, and was actually obliged to return to the very spot, where he had left his horse, in order with certainty to regain his track. The evening (it being now towards the end of July) was warm and serene, but the sky somewhat lowering and overcast; whence, added to the extreme agitation of his mind, Belmour guessed not at the hour, and found himself,

self, long after sun-set, contrary to his expectation, some miles from the Abbey. He still continued to hurry forwards, for his imagination was by this time worked up to the utmost, and he thought that if he could but even distinguish the walls which enclosed Emily, see but a light in some one of the chambers, it would be happiness compared to what he then felt.

The moon, which was now risen, shone in her brightest orb, and seemed for a while to dispel the gathering clouds, but the evident signs of an approaching storm were shortly afterwards not to be mistaken.—An awful sound of distant thunder first struck the ear, then gradually rolling onwards, became louder and louder, accompanied by streams of
forked

forked lightning falling from every side, till collecting, as it were, all its force, the storm seemed to threaten destruction over Belmour's head.—Torrents of rain now fell, and a total darkness prevailed, interrupted only by the lightning, which served, however, still to enable him, though slowly and by intervals, to pursue his way.—Belmour had already reached the great avenue, which led immediately to the Abbey, when the lightning became so much less frequent, though the darkness still continued, that it was only by very slow degrees he could advance.—At last being arrived at the iron gates in front of the entrance, a still louder peal of thunder than the preceding was heard, accompanied by a short vivid flash of lightning, which, darting across the walls of the Abbey, discovered to his almost frantic

frantic sight a large hatchment, suspended over the principal door. A deadly chill instantly seized his limbs, they shook, and he could scarcely support himself. With his eyes still strained towards the fatal object, which he could no longer discern, he for some time waited for a second flash.—All was darkness.

‘ Oh God !’ he exclaimed, ‘ Emily is no more !—all, all is over !’—but a shadow of suspense was now become intolerable, and rushing forwards with violence through the iron gates, which were open, he flew with impetuosity to the door immediately under the dreadful hatchment—Vainly he attempted to force it, and knocker there was none—then recollecting, that, nearly on the opposite side, was a small door commonly open, by
which

which the servants passed, he endeavoured to hurry round half the immense circumference of the building; but in the attempt, having, from agitation of mind, wandered he knew not where, he found himself, after scrambling through thorns and brambles, and over fragments of broken stone, wholly at a loss which way to turn.—At this instant, supporting himself by chance against the door of a small porch, which had formerly led to a chapel, then in ruins, and where hay and straw were sometimes kept for the use of the stables, he felt the door give way, and through excess of fatigue, confusion, and disorder of mind, fell senseless on the ground; where he remained in a state between stupor and sleep, which wholly deprived him for a time of recollection.—After
some

some hours, when he first began to recover, he knew not where he was; the trees were so thick, which closely overshadowed the little porch, that scarcely a ray of light could penetrate its recess; and when he arose and quitted his unfought for shelter, he was astonished to see the morning sun already shining brightly.—With his recollection, had returned his misery and agitation—unmindful of the consequences, and forgetful of his disguise, he wildly rushed on, determined to know the worst.—After entering the back door already mentioned, he ran swiftly through the house, without meeting a single creature, till at the end of a long passage, which terminated in the hall, he saw an old man, whom he remembered to have been a gardener.—

The

The man had a bundle of faggots and a candle in his hand; and alarmed, as it seemed, at Belmour's sudden appearance, endeavoured to stop him. But Belmour, pushing him aside without uttering a word, darted onwards, passed the hall, flew up the great stair-case, and already had gotten some way along the gallery, when, stopping to take breath, and resting his arm against the wall, a soft and gentle sound proceeding from the apartment at the further end of the gallery, struck his ear. —He paused—again he listened—it was not a delusion—distinctly he heard the well-known voice of Emily. Plaintively she sang, and it was the very ballad he had with so much surprise listened to, when accidentally walking out alone on the evening he arrived at Belmour castle—sounds never to be forgotten!—He was now for
some

some moments unable to proceed—his sensations were too strong for him, and the quick transition from wretchedness and horror, to the most enchanting hope, suspended all his faculties.—Twice she had gone over the same air, when Belmour, somewhat recovering, softly advanced towards the door whence the sound proceeded.—The door was not entirely closed, and a gentle breeze at the moment blowing it open, discovered Emily seated at the organ, her head half turned the other way.—Never did she appear to Belmour's sight so lovely! She was in the slight and simple dress, which she had first thrown on as she rose in the morning—her fine flowing hair hung negligently over her shoulders, and her whole figure had that character of natural elegance, which baffles all description.

scription. An old fashioned bow-window, which occupied nearly the whole side of the room opposite the door, was filled with plants and flowers, and a small table was set ready with breakfast for her.—The soft refreshing feel of air was that of the early morning, which precedes a sultry day—the whole, indeed, of this scene was to Belmour one of enchantment and delight—he stopped—he stood gazing in silent rapture.—Having finished singing, Emily rose, and as she turned, Belmour's figure appeared before her.—‘Oh Heavens!’ she exclaimed—‘is this a dream, or is it!’——Belmour was at her feet.

The unalloyed satisfaction which they now experienced, in again seeing each other after so long a separation, for a
time

time suspended their mutual inquiries into the circumstances, which had finally united them.—Belmour could not mistake, that Emily was free—nor could she doubt the tender affecting submission, and tryed constancy of Belmour; and no longer at variance with herself, she wished not to disguise either the feelings or intentions of her heart.—Emily then with earnestness inquired of Belmour into all that had passed relative to himself, since their last melancholy parting. His simple narrative, in which he dwelt not either on his illness, when first he left her, or on his sufferings since, drew many tears from Emily's eyes.—‘Nothing,’ said she, holding out her hand to Belmour, which he kissed with rapture, ‘is lost upon me; and all that you have omitted saying is only the

‘ more deeply felt by me—words are unnecessary, when sympathy like ours supplies their place! *My history,*’ continued she, seeing that his eyes were fixed on her with a look of inexpressible anxiety, to know what more she had to say—‘ *My history is short. I have not once quitted this place, since we parted; and for this last year, two visits from doctor Stanmore, and some persons of business excepted, I have remained wholly alone. On this very day I again expect him; and with him in a few days more I am to take leave of Dean Abbey, which now is the property of a distant relation of Mr. Courtenay’s.*’—On the mention of doctor Stanmore’s coming, Belmour showed evident signs of satisfaction; something whispered to his mind, that in him he should find a friend to his earnest

earnest wishes of being shortly united to Emily.

A day of enchantment thus passed, when towards evening, as Emily and Belmour were seated on the terrace, the noise of a carriage was heard—Emily's colour went and came—Belmour was for hastily advancing to meet him—
'Stay,' said she, gently stopping Belmour, 'the surprise of seeing you thus suddenly might be too much for him—I know the acuteness of his feelings for all that interests his child!'—Saying this, she went forward and came up to doctor Stanmore just as he alighted from the chaise. As he pressed her to his bosom, he perceived her agitation—then looking earnestly at her, it was not grief he plainly saw. Scarcely had she

time to prepare him for seeing Belmour, when, unable longer to restrain his impatience, he flew forwards. Doctor Stanmore advanced towards him, as quickly as his steps would allow, with extended arms — tears streamed down his aged cheeks. ‘My children, my
‘ children!’ he exclaimed, unable to utter more, as he pressed them together to his bosom; then turning to Emily, ‘I have not then,’ said he, ‘caused
‘ thy unhappiness! — thy virtues now will
‘ be rewarded!’ — He then seated himself between them. ‘I must recover myself a little,’ said he, ‘this is almost too
‘ much for me!’ — After a short pause, he continued, ‘not that I am *surprised* (you
‘ will forgive the liberty an old man
‘ takes), but the first and only time I
‘ saw you, a prepossession for you took
‘ place

‘place in my mind, which the subsequent
‘knowledge of your character has indeed
‘fully justified. Do not wonder that I
‘am so well informed,’ said he, smiling,
as he looked at Belmour—‘You may
‘be easy—consider me only as your
‘*confessor*.’ ‘I consider you as my *fa-*
‘*ther*,’ said Belmour, with warmth, pres-
sing his hand to his lips with an expression
of the tenderest respect, ‘as the father
‘of my Emily!’ ‘Amiable being!’
said doctor Stanmore, wiping away the
tears from his eyes—‘long mayest thou
‘live to enjoy that happiness, thou hast so
‘well deserved!’—Emily presently after-
wards interrupted them, by saying, that
as the evening was so far advanced, she
feared the dampness of the air and over-
fatigue for doctor Stanmore. ‘I feel as
‘if I could sit here for ever,’ said he, ‘but

‘ must obey my monitress.’—They then all three retired into the house; and such were the feelings of their gratified hearts, that the mouldering and dismal walls of Dean Abbey assumed to their imagination an aspect of cheerfulness and content.

CHAP. XXXIX.

IN the course of the following day, doctor Stanmore informed Belmour, of the particulars, which had passed since his absence, relative to Emily, and to Mr. Courtenay's death. Not long after Belmour had left Dean Abbey, doctor Stanmore had passed a few weeks there, and to him Emily had not disguised the oppression of her heart—She knew, that her conduct would be approved by him; and that the rectitude of her intentions would be strengthened and supported by his council and advice—She knew too, that he would shed a tear of pity and affection over her; and not harshly con-

demn a weakness, which, if she could not conquer, she had determined to suffer without reproach to herself: for such was the basis of that sound yet gentle philosophy, which he had taken for the guide of his own life; and was the approved maxim, which he had always forcibly inculcated into his pupil.—‘From circumstances and events, my child,’ he would say, ‘it is more than probable, thou hast much to labour through in life; nor would I, even were it in my power, steel thy tender susceptible heart against the sufferings of humanity—for can we lessen the woes of others, without partaking their’s? or can we hope otherwise to receive that alleviation of our own miseries, which sympathy alone can give! But,’ he would continue, assuming a graver aspect, ‘although
*
‘we

‘we cannot govern events, we *can*
‘govern our own conduct—let us
‘only remember, that the force of our
‘passions is commonly proportioned to
‘the force of our minds, and conse-
‘quently, that those passions may be con-
‘trolled.—Youth and inexperience, in-
‘deed, are often to be pitied for the
‘errours, into which they may have been
‘led, and from which the timely hand of
‘friendly admonition might have saved
‘them, by setting before their eyes that
‘one great truth, that with a guiltless
‘conscience all mental sufferings become
‘supportable. But it is the argument of
‘lurking vice, when *weakness* is pleaded
‘as an excuse for the little resistance,
‘made to *supposed* uncontrollable pas-
‘sions.’

To Mr. Courtenay, Emily's manner was uniformly gentle and attentive; and she was studious, by every means in her power, to render the solitary life he had chosen, such as might best contribute to his comfort and satisfaction; but as he had made his option more from disgust for the world, than taste for retirement, and felt not that internal glow of content, which alone can give real charms to quiet, and seclusion from the busier scenes of life, even her judicious endeavours could not always ensure success.

Sometimes, from slight causes, the violence of his temper would break out; and whenever that had been the case, discontented with himself, he became silent and sullen, and avoided even the sight of Emily. He would then often take long
solitary

solitary rambles over his park, which, in its then neglected state, could only convey to his mind ideas of melancholy and regret; since to the follies and extravagance of his youth it owed its present desolate appearance. At other times, however, he found in the society of Emily, whose well cultivated mind and improved talents rendered her a companion to her husband, that relief and advantage, of which his own sense and taste made him fully sensible.—Emily had, in addition, the satisfaction of knowing, that Mr. Courtenay did her justice, and that he felt that confidence in her character, which she so well deserved.

When Belmour left England after his long illness in town, a paragraph appeared in the papers, mentioning his

going, which ended in these words :

‘ We know not positively the cause of this
‘ young nobleman’s going abroad, he hav-
‘ ing already twice made the *grand tour* ;
‘ but we have reason to suppose, that a se-
‘ cret mission from our cabinet to Russia
‘ is the real object of his journey, in which
‘ case, his being *personally* well received at
‘ that court cannot be doubted.’

‘ Stuff!’ cried Mr. Courtenay, who
had just glanced over the newspaper,
when his eye met this paragraph. ‘ Yet,’
said he, giving the paper to Emily, who
was sitting near him on a bench on the
terrace, ‘ I doubt not, but that lord
‘ Belmour may be gone abroad—it is
‘ a subject on which I will not trust my-
‘ self—but you understand me—and let
‘ me, my Emily, take this opportunity,
‘ once

‘ once for all to assure you, that my mind
‘ is now at ease, perfectly at ease—you
‘ have acted like yourself—can I say
‘ more?’—He then, holding out his hand
to signify that he would not be answered,
walked away, and she shortly afterwards
saw him with his gun, and heard him
speaking in his usual voice and manner
to his game-keeper.

Emily doubted not but that Belmour
was indeed gone abroad—doubted not
the cause—and the delicacy of his for-
bearance, in not writing to her, more af-
fected her than could have done the
most expressive words of a letter—The
strictness of her principles, and the purity
of her mind, had left her no doubt as to
her own conduct; but over the sufferings,
of one, for whom she felt both ten-
derness

derness and admiration, she shed many a silent tear. Yet still she knew not how wholly to regret an attachment, which touched and gratified, not that idle vanity to which indeed she was a stranger, but her heart.

A few months had passed in the manner already mentioned at Dean Abbey, when Emily had an opportunity of exercising that strength of mind, for which her character was so conspicuous, as well as of gratifying an exalted idea of delicacy, which converted a subject of serious uneasiness into one little short of satisfaction.

Mr. Courtenay had appeared more than usually thoughtful for some days past. This Emily plainly perceived, yet,

yet, as it seemed to be from some cause, which he chose should be secret, she ventured but slightly to hint at her observation: for in spite of his high opinion of Emily's understanding, his temper never would allow him, to be what he called *admonished* even by her; and advice was never to be given, unless, which indeed not unfrequently happened, he asked it of her himself.

A patient silence, in cases like the present, was her only resource—It happened one morning, that Mr. Courtenay having gone out the moment after breakfast, Emily had omitted to ask him some intended question—when going to the terrace, the way by which she thought he would probably return, in order to meet him, as she walked slowly on, an
open

open letter, fallen accidentally on the ground, met her eye, and she had glanced over nearly a page, unconscious of what she was doing, when the letter suddenly, from its contents, called forth all her attention. It began with excuses for being under the necessity of pressing an unpleasant subject — then reminded the person, to whom it was addressed (and whom she afterwards found to be her husband) of the promise of a *premium*, ‘ for business done, if
‘ not *honestly*, at least *cleverly*; and
‘ without which, my good sir, you
‘ well know, that the finest woman in the
‘ world would never have been your’s,
‘ nor you have shown your face with
‘ credit; for, notwithstanding your own
‘ confidence then in the expectations you
‘ had from your uncle, who since was so
‘ *obliging* to you as to marry, and his
‘ wife

‘ wife so *obliging* to him as to find him
‘ an heir, the old parson would never, in
‘ common prudence, have consented to a
‘ marriage for his ward, on such really
‘ uncertain grounds — But I held out
‘ your rent-roll, above three good
‘ thousand pounds per annum! which
‘ your father bequeathed to you at his
‘ death! and then *nicked* the young prac-
‘ titioner, whom doctor Stanmore em-
‘ ployed to examine into it, by keeping
‘ all the debts, post obits, bonds, and
‘ mortgages, carefully out of his sight—
‘ and now you may go on tolerably for
‘ your own life—therefore, according to
‘ your own maxim, *take care of to-day,*
‘ and *to-morrow may shift for itself.* Your
‘ conscience may be tolerably easy—but,
‘ sir, I must have *my premium*; I can now
‘ buy in with advantage, and it is but
‘ ordering down some more of your old
‘ timber.

‘ timber--This, I know, goes rather against
‘ you, and am sorry therefore to insist,
‘ but it is the only way I can think of:
‘ and thus you will, at least, be no more
‘ plagued by, sir, your most sincere and
‘ respectful, ‘ *R. Enstine.*’

Emily had no sooner recovered from the surprise, which this letter occasioned her, than, actuated by the noble and disinterested generosity of her spirit, she began to frame excuses for the conduct of her husband.—She wished, indeed, that on such an occasion he had entrusted her, and treated her with that confidence, which a subsequent knowledge of her character, she thought, might have deserved. But still, said she to herself, *interested* motives were certainly not Mr. Courtenay’s object in this fraud, the idea of which could only have been suggested
to

to him by sentiments flattering in themselves to me.—*I* brought him only additional expenses, and had his uncle, as he expected, left him his heir, that provision for me, which was merely nominal, he, doubtless, intended to make real. In short, Emily determined to act with that candour and disinterested generosity, which her heart at the moment suggested; and even felt a secret satisfaction in having thus something to *forgive* Mr. Courtenay, which seemed in a degree to relieve her mind from the sort of reproach, that she often felt heavily at her heart, from the sentiments she had hitherto found unconquerable for another. Willingly would she have indulged the open frankness of her disposition on this occasion, and have instantly assured her husband of the perfect indifference, with which she viewed this possible future diminution

diminution of fortune for herself; but wishing rather to consult *his* disposition than her own, she resolved on silence at least for the present; fearing, that, however palliated by her own real disinterested sentiments and sincerity, this discovery might appear to him as a detection of his conduct, and serve only to irritate his mind, already too susceptible on the slightest contradiction.

Emily was at first embarrassed how to dispose of the letter—should she secrete it, the loss, and uncertainty of what might have become of it, would undoubtedly distress Mr. Courtenay—she preferred, therefore, leaving the letter exactly where she found it; as she knew it was unlikely, that any one, Mr. Courtenay himself excepted, should then come that way. She seated herself in a window,

low, whence she could observe what passed below, and shortly afterwards actually saw Mr. Courtenay at the further end of the terrace. With quick steps he advanced, looking round him, as it seemed, with much anxiety; then, seeing the letter, he snatched it up, and having put it hastily into his pocket, advanced towards the house. Emily retired to her room, whither he soon followed; her cheerful and open countenance, which a conscious sensation of the rectitude of her own intentions inspired, instantly removed the most distant idea of her having seen the letter, and relieved his mind; for although Mr. Courtenay loved, respected, and admired Emily, his own character was not calculated fully to understand and do justice to the superiority of hers.

Emily

Emily determined not to mention the circumstance of the letter even to doctor Stanmore—she knew the pain such a discovery would give him, and for herself feared not poverty, were it coming with a nearer and more certain approach, than at that time there was reason to expect.

Nearly two years passed without any material incident, when Mr. Courtenay's temper growing daily more fretful and uneasy to himself, and some symptoms of his impaired health occasioning Emily considerable alarm, she intreated of doctor Stanmore, to come to her assistance, and endeavour (an attempt in which she herself had not been able to succeed), to persuade him to see some physician.—‘All stuff,’ he would say, ‘I am perfectly well, and were I otherwise, the farrago of non-
‘ sense

‘ sense I must hear from a physician, by
‘ irritating my unfortunate nerves, would
‘ do me more harm, than all his medi-
‘ cines could do me good.’

Still this satisfied not Emily, and she perceived, that Mr. Courtenay by no means thought so lightly of his own indisposition, as he pretended. The frequent giddiness in his head, with which he was seized, sometimes occasioned a loss of sense and recollection for some hours, and his recovery from these fits was by no means immediate. — Doctor Stanmore flew to Emily the very moment it was in his power — he found her anxious and uneasy, and waiting his friendly presence with impatience. — With regard to Mr. Courtenay, he felt he could give him no real comfort, as the whole appearance of his complaint seemed threatening in the extreme,

treme, while he continued nearly in the same state of obstinacy with respect to any medical advice. Once or twice, however, at Emily's earnest request, he did see a physician; who, being a man of knowledge and integrity, averse from trifling in any way with the feelings of others, plainly told doctor Stanmore and Emily, that there was little hope of final recovery for the patient; but that with care on his own part, and occasional bleeding, he might prevent the rapid progress of the disorder.—Mr. Courtenay, however, was not to be persuaded to any alteration of this sort, and would, whenever his fancy led him, go out in his usual manner, and wander whole hours alone. Having on one of these solitary rambles, and after appearing extremely unwell in the morning, outstaid by far even the probable time of his return, Emily, who from one
moment

moment to another grew more and more uneasy at the length of his absence, at last went out into the park, accompanied by his servant, in search of him.—Doctor Stanmore, who had little doubt but that in truth some accident had happened, also followed—Emily and the servant advanced rapidly, and they had not gone very far, when they actually saw Mr. Courtenay lying extended on the ground—They found, on raising him, that he still breathed, carried him home, put him to bed, and got the physician's assistance, but all was vain—he expired a few hours afterwards, having scarcely again spoken—The words, which he with difficulty uttered, were to thank Emily for the only really happy days he had ever passed—‘Thy own virtues will, I trust, reward thee!—may’st thou be
VOL. III. o ‘happy!—

‘ happy !’—and then lowering his voice, he whispered, ‘ *I want forgiveness of you—you know not.*’—‘ *I know all,*’ earnestly pressing his hand, said Emily.—‘ *I more—more than forgive!*’—Tears then choked her voice, and she sunk almost senseless by the side of her husband.—When all was over, doctor Stanmore removed her from the melancholy apartment, and recalled her mind to the calmer dictates of reason and resignation.

He sent shortly after for a lawyer, and before his arrival, as it then became necessary, Emily informed him of what she concluded must be the real state of Mr. Courtenay’s fortune, and of the accidental circumstance, by which she had come to this knowledge.—Doctor Stanmore, on finding that he had been thus trifled with,
and

and cruelly imposed upon, and that Emily, through his means, was in all probability, after consenting to a marriage not particularly agreeable to herself, chiefly in compliance to his intreaties and decided opinion, now almost unprovided for, nearly lost his wonted fortitude—With difficulty it was that Emily, even by the tenderest expressions of affection for him, which her heart could suggest, and the most perfect sense of disinterestedness for her own situation, could comfort him, or even recal him to himself.

The lawyer, who had now been sent for by doctor Stanmore, proved a man of honour and integrity, and perfectly versed in every branch of his profession. He already knew something of Mr. Cour-

tenay's affairs, had seen Emily several times on different occasions, and charmed with her character, her intelligence, and her manners, undertook the business entrusted to him with the alacrity of a friend. After wading through a troublesome and almost endless investigation of papers and parchments, he, at the end of the year, in spite of the utmost care and diligence, when the debts were settled, could with difficulty collect, out of the remains of the whole supposed considerable property, more than a bare sufficiency for her future support.—The estate of Dean Abbey, indeed, might have been sold for a greater sum than it was, which would have made a considerable difference to her; but of two bidders she preferred the one, who offered the least for the purchase, because he was a near relation, of
the

the name of Courtenay, and her husband had often expressed much uneasiness at the idea of that place, which, he said, had descended to him from a long succession of ancestors, ever passing into another family.

After doctor Stanmore had, as far as they were known to him, related these particulars, he added, with emotion—
 ‘ Thus has my child, in every stage of life through which she has hitherto passed, acquitted herself of her duty with that nice sense of delicacy and integrity, which would do honour to the strictest moralist; and while dispensing blessings to all around her, by the warmth of her generous and benevolent heart, the powers of her understanding, and the charm of her society,

o 3

‘ her

‘ her last thought, and care least attended to,
‘ have ever been for herself!—Yet Fortune,
‘ alas! has not smiled upon her—her life,
‘ from early youth, has been one of ex-
‘ ertion—but I now trust,’ said he, look-
ing with affection at Belmour, ‘ that it
‘ will become a life only of happiness
‘ and content!—O! could I render it
‘ so!’ exclaimed Belmour with extreme
eagerness, ‘ how should I not myself be
‘ blessed!—long, long has *my* life been
‘ devoted to her—my every thought, my
‘ every care!—in absence *she* was ever
‘ present before me, and even my suffer-
‘ ings for *her* became dearer to my heart,
‘ than could have done all other joys!—
‘ But,’ continued he, ‘ may I not hope to
‘ shorten unnecessary delays! enough of
‘ time, if I mistake not, has already been
‘ granted to propriety— and to vain forms

‘ Emily

‘ Emily cannot be attached—in a few
‘ days you were together to leave this
‘ place ’—Here Belmour looked at doctor Stanmore with an almost trembling anxiety—‘ May I not then—may I not,
‘ seconded by you, venture to propose,
‘ that together we proceed immediately
‘ to Belmour castle?—You alone must
‘ give Emily to my wishes—sanction and
‘ confirm, by every sacred tie, those vows
‘ my heart has long made to her!’—

Doctor Stanmore, almost wholly overcome by the sensations of satisfaction and joy, with which the tenderness, the open, and generous spirit of Belmour inspired him—without speaking, took his hand, and led him to Emily’s apartment.—Belmour fell at her feet, and then, in the presence of doctor Stanmore, renewed his suit.—Emily, although herself much

affected, half smiling at his extreme earnestness, gave him her hand.—‘ Affection,’ said she, ‘ I despise!—and since my first and dear monitor,’ looking towards doctor Stanmore, ‘ approves, think not that I shall longer oppose my own happiness—to *you*, Belmour, I henceforward look for a protector—*you* will not, I am sure, while you regulate the future tenour of *my* life, forget how much in that your own honour and happiness are now involved!’

Belmour, enchanted with what he heard, flew instantly to give the necessary orders for their departure.—Messengers were sent for from the nearest post-town, and dispatched with their separate directions; one to Portsmouth, where his servant Bertram had remained; one to Bel-

mour castle, with orders to his steward, to prepare every thing for Emily's reception ; and another to London for his equipage. In short, it was not many days before all was ready for their journey, and on the day week from that on which Belmour had again seen Emily after his long absence, they actually set out together, accompanied by doctor Stanmore, no more to part ; blest not only in the certainty of each other's tenderness and affection, but in the certainty of each other's worth, and in that mutual confidence, without which no happiness can be complete.

As from the carriage, by a turn in the road, they caught the last glimpse of the walls and turrets of Dean Abbey, Emily's eyes filled with tears.--*'You will not,'*

said she, recovering herself and turning to Belmour, ‘condemn this last tribute to the memory of a place I have so long inhabited, and may never more now behold!’ — Belmour tenderly pressed her hand to his lips, but was not sorry shortly afterwards to see her regain the natural composure of her spirits.

Doctor Stanmore bore the journey almost without fatigue, and when they entered the park-gates of Belmour castle — ‘This air,’ said he, ‘revives me.’ — Emily and Belmour, with whom he was in the coach, looked at each other, then at him, with an expression of infinite affection — ‘Long may this air agree with you,’ said Belmour, ‘try but its salubrity sufficiently.’ — Their attention was now called off by numbers of the
tenants

tenants and cottagers, who flocked to receive their lord, meeting the carriage, and following it, many of them with uplifted hands and streaming eyes!—These evident marks of joy, which his arrival occasioned, much affected Belmour, and still more Emily.—‘How deeply am I not already in debt to these good people,’ said she, ‘since I have been the cause of so long detaining their protector from them!’—Yet Belmour, even amid these grateful expressions of universal joy and satisfaction, still felt one latent cause of anxiety, which the very scene before him seemed doubly to recal to his mind—It was several months since he had heard from his sister, and her last letters by no means gave him satisfactory accounts of her health—She wrote them from Pisa, and with uncertainty as to her future plans,

whether she should continue in Italy, again return to Lisbon, or come, which seemed by what she said most unlikely, to England—He had been much disappointed at receiving no letters from London, which he had expected he should ; and now dreaded the intelligence, which at that moment he might find of her at Belmour castle—Let the reader then judge what must have been the feelings of a heart like his, when, on alighting from the carriage, he found himself in his sister's arms.—She had arrived from Lisbon, where several packets having been detained by contrary winds, none of her last letters had preceded her ; and had stopped with an intention of remaining at Belmour castle, while she made some inquiries about her brother ; when, a few days after her arrival there, she was met by the first messenger

senger dispatched by Belmour, who shortly afterwards was followed by Bertram, from whom she heard all that his breathless impatience, and extravagant expressions of joy, allowed him to detail of what he had learned at Dean Abbey. This intelligence had given her, for every reason, the most unfeigned satisfaction. She was herself tired of the desultory life she had so long led abroad, and sighed for what then appeared to her the more rational enjoyments of life, quiet and retirement — and all the mystery of her brother's conduct, and the secret cause of that melancholy, which she never failed to trace in his letters, being now explained, and the immediate prospect of his happiness taking place, she looked forwards for herself, in the society and protection of her brother, to scenes of calm content

tent and comfort, which had been long strangers to her imagination.

Lady Caroline had expressly forbidden, on this occasion, that the least hint should be given to her brother of her return, reserving to herself the full pleasure of surprising him.—Belmour held his sister long pressed to his bosom—then, scarcely recovering from the delightful emotion the surprise of seeing her thus unexpectedly had occasioned, he took Emily's hand, and leading her to lady Caroline, who at the same instant advanced towards her—'Receive,' said he, '*a sister.*'—'I *do* receive her,' returned lady Caroline extremely affected at this scene, 'and take her to my heart!—I shall now no longer have to *fear* her charms, their power will be employed, by all I have
heard,

‘ heard, by all I hope, only to bless *my*
‘ happy brother!’

Heartley and Mortimer, who having heard of Belmour’s return, had hastened to meet him, now advanced, wishing to express their congratulations; and, according to their different characters and dispositions, their sense of the present joy and satisfaction. Heartley, simple in his ideas, open and generous in every thought, felt the most cordial satisfaction at seeing the son of his late friend and patron restored to his country and to his family, with the prospect of so much happiness to himself, in his union with a woman, whose superiour merit had by no means escaped his penetration, even in the few opportunities he had of seeing her formerly at Belmour castle—

Nor

Nor had he then been without suspicion of Belmour's sentiments for her; but had secretly regretted, that shackles imposed by pride and prejudice perhaps then alone prevented an explanation, which might tend to the future happiness of both. And Mortimer, who wished others those blessings, which he never hoped himself to obtain, felt infinite satisfaction in the prospect of renewing the only gratification he had ever known; the liberty of contemplating the object of his wishes in silent admiration.

It had been settled by Belmour, with the concurrence of doctor Stanmore and the consent of Emily, that on the day subsequent to their arrival at Belmour castle, which was in the morning, their marriage should take place, and that the ceremony

ceremony should be performed in the chapel of the castle as privately as possible.

On the evening of that day, the company already mentioned being assembled in the drawing room, doctor Stanmore, looking round him, desired to know who was to take *his* place on the ensuing day—
‘for,’ continued he, ‘to-morrow my Emily
‘will want *a father*, a place that my affection at least has ever, I trust, supplied.’
—Belmour immediately started up, and flying across the room to Heartley—‘On
‘*you*,’ said he, seizing his hand, ‘my best
‘and oldest friend, can I with most satisfaction to myself impose this grateful
‘office!—you, Heartley, must give Emily
‘to your friend.’——Heartley, surprised and affected at a compliment he so little expected,

expected, having concluded that some at *least right honourable relation* would have been sent for on such an occasion, silently pressed Belmour's hand to his heart, as his eyes filled with tears.

Here they were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Rycott, who, after skipping about with the most ludicrous expression of intended respect, from one side of the room to the other, advanced, bowing as lowly as the increased corpulence of his person would possibly admit; paying his obeisance first to Belmour, and then to Emily; to the latter, not without a considerable feeling of awkwardness at the thoughts of not having treated her, while with him, *quite* as he would have treated a future *lady Belmour*; which he feared would be remembered by her to his disadvantage, and inwardly

wardly cursed his own folly, for having, as he thought, missed an opportunity of securing to himself the protection and favour of so powerful a patroness.—This was, moreover, the only occasion, on which his wife had ever ventured openly to controvert his *supposed* better judgment.—‘There!’ said she, when the news of Belmour’s arrival and intended marriage reached the parsonage—‘there you have made a fine *spot o’work*, with all your cleverness! didn’t I always tell you *Miss* was *summat* more than she chose to say?—‘I am sure you never were half civil enough to her, a sweet lady! and so I told you every day—but you was only for scolding me, never to be ruled but by your own *pate*.’——‘Poh, poh!’ cried he, giving his wig a sharp twist at the ear, and endeavouring to conceal his not thinking

thinking her *for once* quite in the wrong—
‘you are a fool—always told ye so—
‘know not what ye’re talking about—
‘never did, so best hold your tongue once
‘for all!’—But Mrs. Rycott, proud of
conquest, had already often renewed this
conversation, as in spite of her husband’s
affected unconcern, she plainly saw, and
exulted in her triumph over him.

The rector was, therefore, not a little
relieved by the reception, which he met
with from Emily, who remembered
only the obligations she owed him;
and by doctor Stanmore’s acknowledg-
ing him as an old friend, and thanking
him for the protection he said he had
given to his child, in the most cordial
terms of gratitude.

Things

Things taking this turn, so much beyond his expectation, gave him a flow of spirits, which it required nothing less than the *awe* and respect, with which he was inspired for the company, in any degree to repress.—After having paid his compliments of congratulation, separately and collectively, to every body, he came again to doctor Stanmore—‘ ‘Pon my word, ‘ doctor,’ said he, taking hold of his coat with each hand, as he held him at arm’s length, and looking up at him in the face, ‘ Why, you are not grown much older, ‘ nor much fatter, nor much thinner, ‘ all these years!—egad! ‘ look at me ‘ here,’ clapping his hands to his sides, ‘ my wife says she can’t let my waistcoats ‘ out fast enough!— —Well, Heaven be ‘ praised for all things, as they say, and I ‘ am sure, I never should have thought
‘ of

‘ of seeing *you* here !’ — he then said something in a whisper to doctor Stanmore, who himself wishing to speak to him on the subject of the ceremony, which was to take place on the ensuing day, walked with him into another room.

They presently returned together, but the rector had, instead of the usual smirk which distinguished his countenance, now assumed a more consequential air of gravity, and walking up with solemnity, he bowed, first to Emily, then to Belmour. — ‘ Wait your lordship’s commands, my lord, for to-morrow’ — Emily coloured. — ‘ O !’ said Belmour, who could not help smiling at his solemnity — ‘ my *requests* for to-morrow doctor Stanmore will tell you, and you will have the goodness to take your directions from him.’

‘ I will

‘ I will follow you immediately to the
‘ parsonage,’ said doctor Stanmore, making him a sign to go; ‘ the walk will do
‘ me good this fine evening, I understand it
‘ is but a short distance; and I shall be glad
‘ to pay my compliments to Mrs. Rycott.
‘ —I will follow you immediately,’ doctor Stanmore repeated (wishing to relieve Emily from his presence) ‘ and we
‘ will settle every thing together.’—On this, the rector bowing round to all the company, with the most affected air of gravity, left the room.

On the morning following, doctor Stanmore, with that unaffected dignity peculiar to his manner, joined in sacred and indissoluble bands two beings formed for the support and comfort of each other, whose hearts had long been united
—and

—and who thus presented to the world a bright example of that reward, which bounteous Heaven can alone bestow on virtue, constancy, and truth.

CHAP. XXXIX.

ALMOST on their arrival at Belmour castle, both Emily and Belmour had been anxious to dispatch letters to lady Clementina, to announce their marriage to her, and with every expression of affection and kindness towards her, to entreat her presence, as the completion of their own happiness.—For setting apart the charm of her society, to her they both felt much was owing, and were both impatient to thank her—she had ever, with that natural frankness peculiar to her character, expressed her admiration of Emily, and had in no small degree contributed while at Cheltenham to promote that degree of

VOL. III. P intimacy

intimacy between her and Belmour, which, by necessarily raising them in each other's opinion, proved finally the source of all the happiness they now enjoyed.

In little more than a fortnight, lady Clementina's speedy arrival was announced, with that shortly afterwards of some other near relations of Belmour's, desirous of expressing personally their satisfaction on his marriage.

Amid the general content and satisfaction which prevailed, one thought, and one only, weighed on Emily's mind, for not like those over susceptible dispositions, who seem to languish after subjects of distress, often when farthest removed from them, she was fully sensible of all the blessings she possessed : but to doctor Stan-
more

more she felt her obligations incalculable; and to her it had ever seemed, that the only return in her power, in any degree adequate to what she owed him, was to attend and watch over his latter days, to soothe and comfort him in the hour of sickness, or of death.—And her new tie, with all its charms, seemed to remove her still further from all chance of fulfilling these grateful duties to her friend, her benefactor, her more than father. Impressed with these ideas, Emily had been sitting for a time alone in her room, when Belmour entered with a letter in his hand from lady Clementina, saying, that all impatience to see them she should be on the very next day at Belmour-castle—The expression of satisfaction evident on his countenance, when he came to announce this news to Emily, was instantly damped by

the sight of a recent tear, which had stolen down her cheek.—‘My Emily,’ said he, advancing and taking her hand, ‘what has happened? you have something to distress you’!——‘Nothing, thank Heaven!’ she replied, with an expression of infinite affection, ‘which I may not partake with you!’—She then ingenuously told him what had affected her—‘Yet I feel,’ said she, ‘almost ‘as ashamed to admit now even of this cause ‘a grievance! it is a subject,’ continued she, ‘on which I never touched to doctor Stanmore; nor would he, where my ‘happiness was concerned, see a disappointment in any privation, which might ‘be occasioned to himself—Yet.’—‘Yes, ‘yes,’ said Belmour, ‘but this *is a grievance, a just grievance, and what we must ‘endeavour to remedy.*’—He had walked thoughtfully several times up and down the
room

room without speaking.—When a gentle tap was heard at the door, and in came doctor Stanmore.—‘What,’ said he, on looking at them, after he had entered the room, ‘are the cares of matrimony already come upon you!—why, you both look as serious as if you had been married this twelvemonth!—but, come, come,’ continued he, smiling, ‘I must have you both in good humour, I am come to ask a favour of you;’ saying this, he seated himself, making them sit on each side of him.—‘It is not your interest for a bishoprick,’ continued he, turning to Belmour—‘no, the favour I am going to ask is wholly in your own power—and it is by your countenance already granted!—but not longer to keep you in suspense, I will tell you my request—it is to make me your

‘ *almoner*—the place, I am aware, will
‘ not be a *sinecure* — but Emily, I
‘ have long known, can be a good
‘ assistant on these occasions.’ — He
might have continued speaking much
longer, for both Emily and Belmour were
too much affected to reply.—‘ My most
‘ kind friends!’ said he, ‘ to be serious,
‘ I see, I *feel* that I have anticipated your
‘ wishes! — pity for a poor old man,
‘ alone and forlorn, distant from all he
‘ holds on earth most dear, would become
‘ a painful sensation to yourselves!—I
‘ know your hearts!—nor would I touch
‘ on this subject even to Emily, till I had
‘ fully weighed it; fully, to the best of my
‘ judgment, determined on the propriety
‘ of the step I am taking—but, like actors
‘ from the stage, we may, under certain
‘ circumstances, without disgrace retire
‘ from

‘ from the busier scenes of life, when,
‘ from age or infirmity, no longer able
‘ to fulfil our part!—and nearly thus it
‘ is with me.—I cannot long expect, in
‘ any degree, to be able to discharge the
‘ duties of my station, with that inward
‘ satisfaction to myself, and hope of ap-
‘ probation from Heaven, which I have
‘ ever made the end and aim of all my
‘ actions.—Yet still I would go on to the
‘ last, persevere in my endeavours at
‘ least, were I not certain that my pa-
‘ rishioners would, in their future pastor,
‘ find a father—in short, I know and
‘ reverence the virtuous young man who
‘ is to succeed me—admire his saint-like
‘ character! and feel that in *his* hands my
‘ flock will be secure!—I know that he
‘ has the promise of my living from my
‘ diocesan,—know, too, that on his pre-
‘ ferment

ferment depends his marriage with an
‘ amiable, accomplished, and virtuous
‘ young woman, to whom his heart has
‘ long been engaged ; and that prudence
‘ alone, from the state of their circum-
‘ stances, too contracted even for their
‘ moderate wishes, has hitherto prevented
‘ their union—for them, therefore, by re-
‘ tiring, I prepare happiness, which long
‘ may Heaven continue to them!—and
‘ for myself, I secure that quiet scene of
‘ ease and comfort, which, at the close of
‘ life, is most grateful. To you and Emily
‘ I am willing to owe much more than
‘ would be sufficient for my support.—
‘ Have I made my cause good? and is
‘ my request granted?’ continued he.—
Emily, still unable to speak, hung on his
neck, and bathed him with her tears—
and Belmour, scarcely less affected, left

him no doubt how he felt this last kind mark of real confidence and friendship, which, by adding to his society a man whom he loved, honoured, and admired, relieved him from the painful idea of having caused one single sensation of regret, anxiety, or uneasiness to Emily, in the completion of his own happiness.

CHAP. XL.

THE next day Emily, Belmour, and the rest of the party, took their evening walk in the park, following the road by which lady Clementina was expected, and accordingly ere long the carriage appeared—Scarcely would lady Clementina allow it to stop, and the door to be opened, before she flew out, and in an instant was in Emily's arms.—‘I hardly know which
‘ way to turn,’ she then said, ‘but my
‘ *new* cousin claims my first attentions.—
‘ Caroline,’ she continued, tenderly embracing her cousin, ‘how I rejoice to see
‘ you! and looking, I protest, better
‘ than I ever recollect to have seen you—

‘ no

‘ no more running away from us! you
‘ shall stay now with this *will o’ the whisp*,’
looking towards Emily, ‘ whom at last we
‘ have caught!—Well, I hope you will
‘ none of you grow tired of me, for,’
turning to Belmour, ‘ I am come to stay
‘ the whole summer with you.—Aunt
‘ Eliza is following me with my little
‘ boy, and will be here to-morrow on
‘ next day, for I travelled too fast for him,
‘ poor dear little fellow! and she is as
‘ good a nurse as she was a chaperon.—
‘ You see what liberties I take with you,
‘ but Melford’s regiment is quartered
‘ near, and I was so glad, so delighted to
‘ come, that I am sure you cannot be
‘ *sorry* to see me.—Melford,’ she con-
tinued, ‘ would not come with me; he
‘ said, that we should all be so foolish, so
‘ ridiculous, and so fond of each other,
‘ that

‘ that he would stay till the first non-
‘ sensical days were over.—You know he
‘ always laughs at one, but I never mind
‘ him, for ’tis only that he hates the
‘ trouble himself of being either very
‘ glad, or very sorry—but aunt Eliza, I
‘ can tell you, will be quite disappointed,
‘ if you have not saved her a bit of wed-
‘ ding cake—she thinks it’s lucky, and I
‘ know not what, and has talked of no-
‘ thing but on which side of her pillow
‘ she should put it ever since we heard of
‘ your marriage, and of my bringing her
‘ here.—I trust,’ said Belmour, casting a
significant look towards lady Caroline,
‘ that we *may* find her a bit of fresh cake,
‘ should none of ours remain.’—‘ No,
‘ you don’t say so! well, I am so glad!’
exclaimed lady Clementina, flying again
up to lady Caroline, who, colouring vio-
lently

lently, turned her head the other way.—

‘ Is it really all settled ? for *I* guess—poor

‘ dear Mr. Mortimer !—well he does de-

‘ serve this, for never, surely, was there so

‘ constant an admirer !—you’re nothing

‘ to him, Belmour, and then he used to

‘ be so melancholy, and so respectful and

‘ so hopeless !—now do tell me, Caroline,

‘ how long is it since he has been dying

‘ for you ? for the years are beyond my

‘ counting !’——‘ How can you be so

‘ ridiculous,’ replied lady Caroline, af-

fecting to laugh — then with a more

serious look, turning to Belmour, ‘ upon

‘ my word, brother,’ said she, ‘ this is

‘ too much—and I don’t guess what you

‘ mean !—not a word has passed, and’——

‘ Come, come, sister,’ said Belmour, ‘ do

‘ not let us trifle any longer, you know

‘ very well what I mean—we will talk

‘ this over as we walk along—but for the
‘ present, our conference on this subject
‘ must be short I believe, for, if I mis-
‘ take not, I see Mortimer himself at a
‘ distance, coming out of the castle gate
‘ towards us—but let me, my dear sister,’
said Belmour, taking lady Caroline af-
fectionately by the hand, ‘ just say, that
‘ you have ever known my sentiments
‘ with respect to Mortimer.—I admire
‘ his virtues, and the modest gentleness
‘ of his character, and saw with pleasure
‘ his growing attachment for you, from
‘ a hope, that time at least would render
‘ you sensible to his merit—and, by your
‘ altered manner, which has not escaped
‘ me, you at last feel, as indeed you
‘ ought, the constant, sincere, and re-
‘ spectful attachment of one, who has
‘ long deserved a better return from you ;
‘ and

‘ and should fortune be an objection
‘ to such of our relations as may think
‘ they have a right to interfere on this
‘ occasion, for to your own generous
‘ mind, I am sure *that* can be none,
‘ I intend to make that matter easy—the
‘ addition of the farm you have so often
‘ admired, which joins his estate, and
‘ which, from my friendship and esteem,
‘ he will not refuse, will certainly make the
‘ offer of his hand such as you may, even
‘ with prudence and propriety, accept—
‘ a selfish plan of my own, you see, to
‘ secure you to myself, by marrying you
‘ to my nearest neighbour!’ —— Lady
Caroline, surprised and overcome by so
much kindness and noble generosity,
abandoning her reserve and seeming in-
difference, tenderly embraced her brother,
then, wishing to conceal her emotion,

she took his arm, and walked on with him, in silence.—‘ This is all very well,’ cried lady Clementina, skipping on lightly before them, ‘ but I am in such spirits myself, that I will have every other creature here happy too; and I give you notice, that if I see poor Mortimer with his usual melancholy face, I shall tell him all, this instant—but I shall,’ cried she, running on towards him, in spite of lady Caroline’s efforts to stop her.—‘ Emily and Belmour can scarcely help laughing, I see, and as for you, my dear grave cousin, I don’t care—and so away I go.’—Saying this, she sprang forwards, and returned not long afterwards to them, dragging Mortimer by the arm, who, fearing to trust what he heard, and still unable to believe in happiness almost beyond his hope, looked with
earnest

earnest anxiety first at the one, and then at the other of the company.—Belmour then advancing, took his sister's hand, which Mortimer received from him, and pressed with extacy to his lips.—‘Come,’ said lady Clementina, at first not quite sure if she should cry or laugh, but determining for the latter—‘No more fuss, nor talking this over now—you may thank me for making you know your own minds, and not letting you dandle on till doomsday, which you both would have done, I believe, if you had been left to yourselves—so I will have my own way.’—‘Upon my word, my pretty cousin,’ said Belmour, smiling, ‘’tis well our aunt Eliza is coming to-morrow, to keep you in better order.—Oh! she’s too busy now with the child to trouble her head much about me
‘and

‘and that she thinks is still better sport,
‘for as the poor little fellow can’t speak
‘yet, you know he can’t contradict her;
‘so she talks to him all day, and lets me
‘alone, except now and then, to be
‘sure, just making a face at me when I
‘am *very bad indeed.*’ — Most amiable of beings!’ said Emily, affectionately, taking her hand, ‘the correction of *your faults* can be but a lesson of philanthropy to others, since your gentleness in bearing reproof for errors, if they be such, serves but to endear you the more to all who admire, to all who love you — nor is it gratitude alone, believe me, which ranks me foremost in that number!’ — ‘Nay, if you praise me,’ said lady Clementina to Emily, embracing her, ‘I shall be too vain; and all aunt Eliza’s *nods and winks*, or even her scoldings, will
‘go

‘ go for nothing, I can assure you ; so take
‘ care what you do, and don’t quite spoil
‘ me for your own sakes, as you see that I
‘ have settled myself among you.’

Belmour’s sensations, on thus finding all combine to justify his choice, to grace and honour the long wished for object of his tenderest affection, those only can imagine, whose feeling hearts and exalted minds render them incapable of enjoying blessings, where they endanger the peace of others, and who despise the mere advantages of fortune, when unaccompanied by what alone can give them real value — the power of contributing to the happiness of those whom they love.

The remainder of Belmour’s family, as it may be supposed, failed not in their
con-

congratulations and attentions on the occasion of his marriage, an event which gave universal satisfaction; and Emily's relations made advances towards her, which were on her side received, as they deserved, with cold and distant civility.—Mrs. Stainville, whom she afterwards occasionally saw in London, she ever treated with expressions of kindness, and was pleased to receive as an agreeable companion, remembering past occurrences only with gratitude.—To her, indeed, and even to her weakness, Emily felt that she probably owed the happiness she now enjoyed in being united for life to the dear and only real partner of her heart.

THE END.

Printed by Luke Hansard,
Great Turnstile, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

358 12/98
37843

368

ICI
INFORMATION
CONSERVATION, INC.